Twists, Turns, and Connections

By

Wayne Reed Lougee

My life as a code breaker told in both words and art

(Cover Art) Saint George: Slaying dragons, tilting at windmills, sometimes successful, sometimes not.

Where the Darkness Ends, the Light begins

The River Twists, the Clock, Turns, And All is Connected. Don’t Understand? Read the Book

Twists, Turns, and Connections

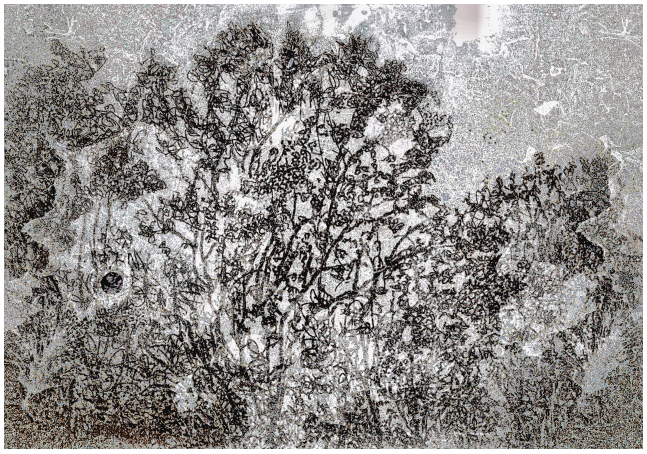
By Wayne Reed Lougee

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Much of my adult life was spent in the highly classified world of code breaking and the analysis of the results of broken codes. The details of most of my work cannot be discussed because of the commitments that I have made to the government. I have not, and will not break those commitments. In writing this document, I have considered every word, to ensure that I have not disclosed any classified information.

Notwithstanding my effort to exclude all classified information, I understand that a great amount of data that was declassified by the President of the United States during his last few weeks in the White House, data referred to as the CROSSFIRE HURRICANE data. Some of this data may possibly be related to my discussions below, but was not used by me because I believe that my story can and should be told in an unclassified way without using such declassified data.

Dark Place, Dark Times, Beware

Preface: My Purpose in Telling My Story 7
Chapter One: Integrity 9
Chapter Two: Early Days 13
Chapter Three: My First Career Assignment 19
Chapter Four: Language School Again 22
Chapter Five: Career Development, and Trouble 25
Chapter Six: My First Management Experiences 34
Chapter Seven: Codes, A Brief Interlude 39
Chapter Eight : The Small Aircraft Carrier 47
Chapter Nine: National Level Influence 53
Chapter Ten: Losing Control 60
Chapter Eleven: Events Leading Towards Retirement 67
Chapter Twelve : Government Contractor 76
Chapter Thirteen : Full Retirement: Ripening National Issues 80
Chapter Fourteen : Summary, Kong Yi-Ji 86



Path not taken, Path not planned, Path not developed, Path unknown

Art

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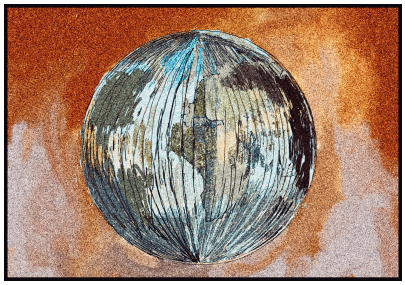
Wandering in an Uncharted Universe

Preface: My Purpose in Telling My Story



Peace on Earth

Starting sometime in the last few decades of the last century, my family began to experience an unusual and unexpected conflict. A conflict, that at first, was not easily understood by the members of my family or by those of whom we associated. My brothers and sisters had been raised a small rural community and had all been educated in that same small town schools.

Although many of our fellow classmates were raised with the common goal that after graduation that they would begin their life's occupation, working in one of the local sawmills, my family knew we all had a higher calling to follow, a calling which would take different paths than most of our our school friends. Each of us did take a different path, however, in my family, we all pursued a different individual path. These were paths which were unique and we traveled in different directions. We all became learned experts in our own fields.

As the 20th Century died and the 21 Century was born, we quickly learned that the world as we knew it was changing. In September of 2001, two commercial aircraft brought down New York's Twin Towers. Another plane hit the Pentagon and still another crashed in a Pennsylvania field. That day changed our Nation. That day also changed my family.

The events of my life, as told in the coming pages, are just my simple way of understanding what my family lived through during those years. It is my deepest and most humble desire that this document will help my family to eventually find the peace and healing we truly need in seeing the positive changes in our lives. We have grown. We have changed our world.

Here is my story and how these events affected me and my family, told in my own words, and with my own art.

Wayne Reed Lougee 2024

A Good Foundation: Without Integrity Nothing Else can Stand.

Chapter One: Integrity

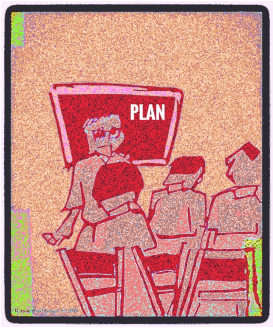
The Eagle and the Key

My life has been complexed from the beginning. I was born where I never lived and lived where I was never born. I was never as smart as others in my family and was associated with more intelligence than any one else in my quite unique family. As I look back at my on my childhood, school years, and the many years I worked for the Federal Government, I realize that my life truly has been blessed. I have been protected and privileged to participate in many life events which have rarely been experienced by others. This record is an effort to detail these events for many purposes, some of which I now cannot fully understand, but hope to understand sometime in the future.

To begin with the end, with a full understanding that there really is no end, the experience that I am going to begin with happened late in the years I worked for the Government. I had risen to a position in the DoD Signals Intelligence community that I, not only was able to observe much of the activities taking place in the Intelligence Community, but I also was personally involved in many activities that have affected every citizen of the United States and in a smaller way many others living around the world.

At the time, I was chairing or co-chairing two national or intelligence community (IC) level working groups and programs which oversaw plans and operations in specific intelligence related areas being worked by all IC agencies, including CIA, NSA, FBI, NGA, DIA, etc., and I was directly overseeing a large agency organization of over 100 people, as well as, directing at a higher lever the activities of other agency programs spread out in several distant locations throughout the country. I furthermore, sponsored national experts from other US agencies and Labs when they were required to work within the IC.

This event begins with an invitation to be introduced to a new CIA activity. I had been invited to attend a fairly high level meeting at the CIA to discuss this activity. Several of my higher level managers were also in attendance.



The Meeting Heard Around This World

During that meeting we were introduced to an activity which I very quickly understood to be illegal and quite beyond the authority of any IC agency. I saw that it was an activity that weaponized the US IC agencies against the US population.

I want to explain here that what I said above is not classified for several reasons. First of all, I have not indicated what technology or actual government program underlay this activity. I also invoke any appropriate whistle blowing authorities that cover such language. I further believe that anything that I have said that may in any way be considered by others to be classified, has already been declassified by the President of the USA.. But, the best reason that this is unclassified is that I know of myself that I have not disclosed any classified information. For many years, I had been a very high level expert of such classification issues.

As I sat in this meeting, I raised my hand and asked a very simple question. I asked if the activity being discussed was legal. I did not expand on the question. That is all I asked. At the time, I had no idea that my simple question was anything but a simple question. It was not until much later that I understood that my simple question had triggered a powerful bomb. That bomb, I believe started the process that eventually led to my exit from government service.

Before the meeting had concluded, one of my managers, without my knowledge, was taken aside and told that I was no longer invited to participate in that activity. At the close of the meeting, I was then taken aside by that manager and told what he was just told. He did not state why I was removed from participating, I was just told that the CIA didn't want me to come back. If that had been the end to this unexplained reaction to my simple question, then I may have never thought anymore of the event. But, over the following days and weeks I was relieved of many of my other IC and agency level duties. Again, at the time, I didn't have the insight to link all of the following events to that one question I had asked, but now looking back, there is no question in my mind that everything that followed was connected. All was a direct result of my asking that one simple question regarding the legality of the activity introduced in that meeting.

I was first relieved from the very sensitive IC leadership role that had brought me into that meeting. The reason given me was that I had held that role for a long time and it was time to give someone else the opportunity to do the work. I then experienced a very odd interview with a high level agency senior manager regarding another unrelated leadership role I had been asked to work. I was told that I had been attempting to continue the work of this agency level assignment when I knew that I had been relieved of the role 6 months previous to this interview. He said that I had been relieved because I did not have the ability to work with others. I told him that I had never been relieved of that position. I was then told that I had met with this manager 6 months before and was given this message. When I said that the previous meeting had never taken place, he told me that in his records he had taken notes of that meeting. He did not offer to show me the notes and I did not press the issue. He had lied to me and I just wanted to leave his office. Based on this action, I then had to resign from other related duties.

Everything Went Quiet

Around that same time I was told that I was being relieved of my basic agency leadership role. I was given a supporting technical role that had no stated responsibilities. I was given a desk and was to insert myself into other's work to help their efforts. Beyond that, I was not given any authority to actually do anything, especially if I was not asked to help. So I began a period of my work where I had very little to do.

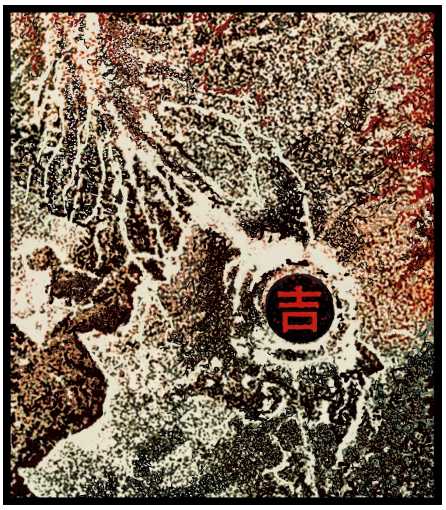
The above experience was the culmination of my previous successful career which will be told in part below, and the start of my final unsuccessful efforts to assist the government in securing its classified data. In order to understand my earlier career and also my final efforts, the above event needs to be understood because it connects my past to everything I have done later in life. This event, in my mind, is a moment in my life where I stood up for what is right, correct, and legal, with the greatest integrity I could muster.

不要忘记
六月三号
I can never forget June 3rd. I was supposed to be there, but my plans were changed at the last minute.
My life took another path.
June 3rd

Tian An Men, I Was Not Invited to Play

Chapter Two: Early Days

In 1976, after I had completed my first year of collage at the Central Oregon Community College in Bend, Oregon, I had a life changing experience where I served a two year Chinese speaking mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. For two years I lived in Taiwan and held Gospel discussions in Mandarin Chinese with the Chinese population of that island country. Besides of the many life skills that I acquired during those two years, I also managed to survive in a Chinese environment through speaking the street Chinese language that I had learned.



Roots and Branches Fade Away

Returning home in 1978, I was able speak Chinese well enough to get by in most situations requiring the understanding of Mandarin, but I was no where near what most people refer to as being fluent in the language. For one thing, I could only read at the most 100 Chinese characters. It has been said that one needs to be able to read 6,000 characters in order to fully understand a Chinese newspaper. I could order food in a Chinese restaurant, but could not read the menu.

At the time, my older brother, Ken, was studying law at the University of Oregon and he and his roommate, Steve, had room in their apartment for me, so I enrolled in the University's Chinese program. I had no real plans in life so I just decided to take Chinese language classes at the University until I could decide on a definite degree. I never did find something else I was interested in and therefore I graduated with a degree in Chinese languages and literature.

Having studying Chinese Tang poetry and learning how to dissect Chinese literature into understandable concepts, I found I was not generally prepared to enter the job force. I had learned quite a few Chinese characters, at least enough to read simple prose, but had no plan as to how I could use my

learning and degree to find an occupation that required the skills of an average non Chinese speaker of Mandarin Chinese.

I, therefore, returned to Taiwan to study even more more Chinese poetry at Tong Hai University. I found myself again in a Chinese environment where I knew I could improve my Chinese language abilities, but only if I truly focused my learning on the proper lessons and not just rely on further learning of street Chinese. Learning the Chinese language well cannot be done by merely speaking to people one may meet. The written language is not exactly the same as the spoken language and is quite different if the text was written before 1911. Archaic Chinese not only does not follow modern sentence structure, the punctuation is totally based on aspects of the Chinese language that cannot be learned by just focusing on talking to others on the street.

I was married at this time and had a young son who we took to Taiwan. We had no savings and depended on finding work while studying overseas. We left with no idea of where or how we would live. We were young and believed that we would not only survive, but would also succeed in our goals and efforts. We were possibly naïve and had little knowledge of how the world can cruelly defeat those who have dreams of success, but we somehow did not allow the world to overwhelm us.

Tong Hai University Guest House

We rather quickly found a place to rent and jobs to support us. A family, Mrs. and Mr. Yang, rented their upstairs rooms to us and allowed us to use their kitchen and laundry room downstairs. The University found us jobs teaching evening English classes downtown.

I took several literature classes with the regular University students studying Tang poetry, something I had much experience with at the University of Oregon and received high praise in class regarding my test results. The teacher told his Chinese students that this American student understood Chinese literature and poetry much better than

those who have grown up in Taiwan and have studied such historic writings all of their lives. Later, in Government Chinese classes, the teacher praised me for my greater understanding of classic definitions of Chinese characters. This skill was developed both in Oregon and at the University in Taiwan.

During the period of study in Taiwan, I believe I focused on the more important aspects of language study and prepared myself better for my career which was still a largely unknown or unplanned future experience. At that time I was thinking of using my language skills in the business world. Government work was not yet a goal of mine. After returning from Taiwan this time, I had even considered taking the law school exam and becoming an attorney with a Chinese language focus.

A Hero of Mine

We left Taiwan with no plans for our future and no place to go but to return to live with my parents in the small rural town that I grew up in. I started a long period of looking for a job. We lived with my parents for the entire time while I searched for a business related job in which my Chinese skills would be appreciated. That search did not turn up any leads. I then turned my focus to the Government and the sphere where I would spend my entire career.

I applied to NSA and the CIA and traveled for my first time to the US east coast. I sat through interviews and took tests, including polygraph exams, to give my potential employers a view into what I could do for them. Luckily, for me, the CIA did not show any initial interest in me. I didn't know at that time that the CIA would eventually have a negative influence on my life.

At NSA, I was interviewed by two individuals who would play important roles in my success. These two individuals were Washington W. and Robert V. Washington W. was probably the most recognized Chinese linguist in the US Government during the 1980s and the 1990s. Robert V. would become my first division chief.

These two individuals saw potential in me and recommended me for employment. I then underwent the required process of receiving a Government clearance needed for employment in the military intelligence world. In 1983, my family began a new phase of our lives and moved to the east coast.

Sometimes a Shopping Cart is all It Takes

As for my brothers' and sisters' development and entree into the world beyond our rural beginnings, they all went their own way. My oldest sister had graduated from college with a degree in social work. My oldest brother was in law school and would become a highly successful attorney. My next younger sister graduated from college with a degree in education. My next younger brother would eventually also graduate with a degree in education and would be one of our State's leading experts in the area of English as a second language. My youngest brother became a military doctor (MD and would become the Gitmo terrorists main doctor, as well as, the US Pacific lead medical doctor during the 2020 pandemic). My youngest sister has excelled in music as is a very sought out music teacher in her community.

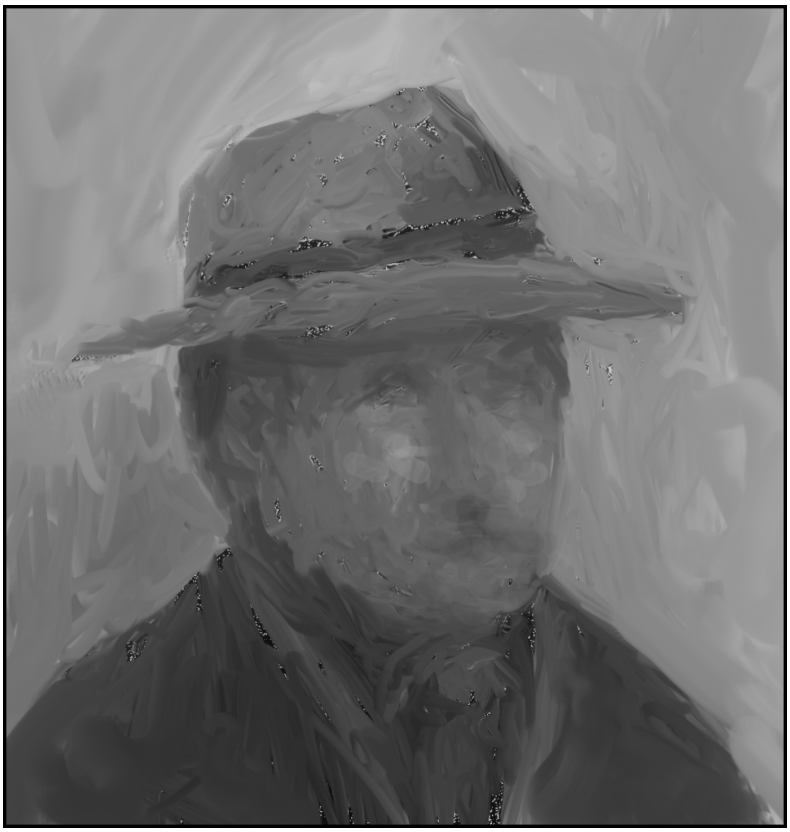
All of my brothers and sisters married well and have very successful families.

As this story develops, my family and I will suffer an unexpected division because of our individual paths of excellence. We did not anticipate the friction that would develop because of our different experiences. The issues that caused this division came out of our different careers and the positions of leadership we attained. We have been all successful in our individual careers, but the nature of our success led to conflict when our expertise crossed paths.

My intention of writing this document is to explore these conflicts began and to help heal any hurt feelings among us. These stories are told from the perspective of my point of view and may be viewed differently by others in

my family, my intention is not to prove anyone wrong, but to show our differences in a factual way.

Here are the stories. I hope they are enjoyable to read.



Someone, Somewhere, Sometime, Somehow

Center of the legal world in
Crook County, Oregon

George on his way to slay his dragon

Chapter Three: My First Career Assignment

The drawing that precedes this chapter is my version of the famous Raphael painting of St. George and the Dragon. That painting or my drawing truly represents the attitude I had as my family and I traveled eastward to live outside of Washington DC. I was confident and happy to be wanted by an employer who thought I could help their cause. I was overconfident of my language abilities and was soon to find that I still had a lot to learn.

I may have not understood, at first, what dragon I would eventually face and try to kill. Looking back on those years, I am still not sure the dragon is yet dead. I have been retired for several years now and many of the current events we are facing as a nation have their beginnings from the time was working. In fact, many of our nation's greatest issues today, were activities, plans, and operations that personally involved me either in a leadership role or just as someone who played an important, but minor part.

But, before I was thrust into the national spotlight, I was a new government employee. My first few months in my new job were spent attending lectures and classes designed to show me how all of the other work roles worked together to produce the best intelligence our nation needed. I learned how to break codes, how to write reports, and how to analyze events in order to protect our nation.

Young Man

I didn't meet my new boss or new team until I had completed these beginning courses. Then one day I found my way into my first official government office and met my trainer who had been assigned to teach what I was to do and to coach me as I learned the basics of this new job. I had lots of academic training, but I had never had applied my academic knowledge to real work situations.

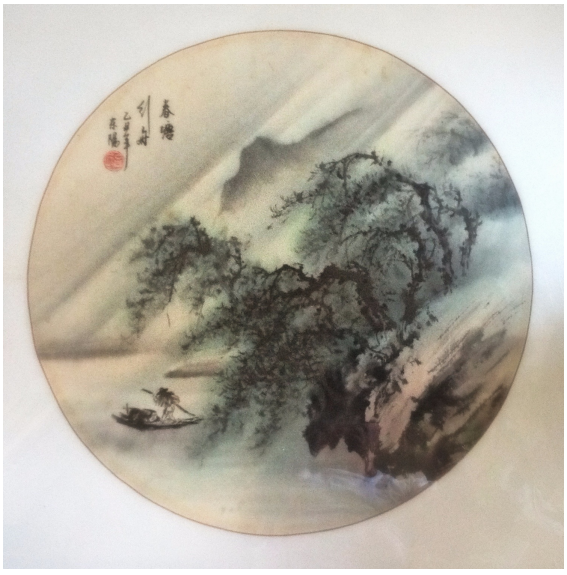
It was at that time that I realized my academic language training did not prepare me to deal with this job. I believe my trainer had doubts about whether or not I could do the work. I sat side by side with my trainer for several months before I was allowed to work on my own. Even though, I had

gained a bit of independence, I still had my work reviewed as if I were still working with a trainer.

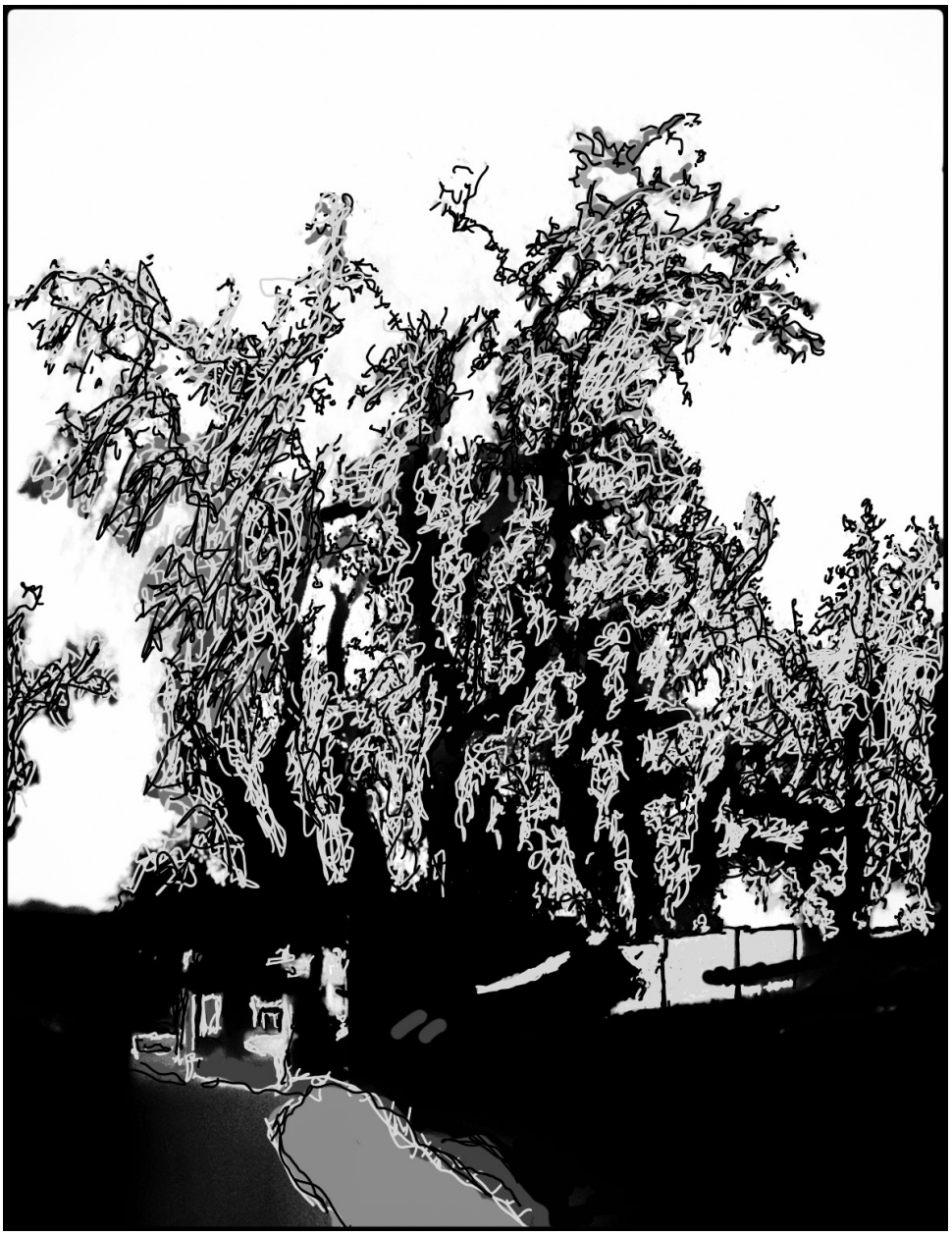
My team was made up of three or four ladies and seven to eight men. Most of the men were retired military personnel, but most of the ladies came from the academic world like me. One of the men, a friend of mine, held a PhD from a very prestigious school. My former military workmates, had 20 to 30 years of experience and were for the most part better trained for the work. My trainer came out of the military ranks and seemed much more comfortable working with military than civilians.

I worked hard, but never felt that I would ever be good at the job, which is interesting as that I, in some ways, worked the same job for the 30 years I worked as a civilian for our nation's military intelligence organizations. However, I still believe that I was not one of the most talented employees.

The senior employees within my office would at times leave for the space of a few months to work jobs overseas. Those who were assigned to preform these temporary duty assignments, or TDYs, seemed to belong to an exclusive club, allowing few of the newer employees to join. I wanted to have the chance to perform such a TDY, but in those days, I was not considered ready to do the work.



Art I Bought Years Ago



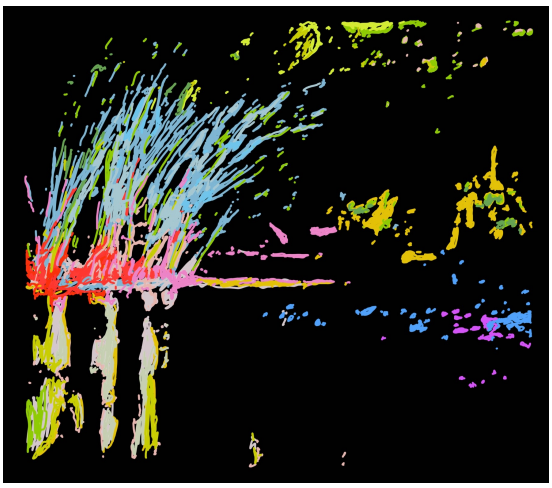
Come Eventide

Chapter Four: Language School Again

There was one opportunity available to one like myself and that opportunity was a great honor for the newer employees. This was the opportunity to spend a year in Taiwan at the State Department's Chinese language school. If selected to study at this school, all government employees resigned from their parent agency and became an official State Department employee.

Government employees going to Taiwan for any official business then had to resign from the State Department and become a employee of a non public corporation called The American Institute of Taiwan or AIT. In the late 1970s, when the US recognized mainland China as the official Chinese government, the US Embassy in China was moved from Taiwan to Beijing. AIT was the solution for the US to maintain a State Department presence in a country the US no longer recognized.

However, the State Department continued to operate their prestigious Chinese school in Taiwan and I applied to that school and was excepted for the 1985 academic year.



Art is a Language, Sometimes a Foreign Language

My family accompanied me to Taiwan and we were assigned a house on Yangming Shan in Taipei or Taibei. Yangming Shan was also referred to as Snake Mountain because during WWII, the Japanese imported poisonous snakes into a military facility to develop biological weapons. When the Japanese left Taiwan they released the snakes on to the mountain.where we lived. There were really a lot of snakes in the neighborhood.

The State Department School was next to our housing development. Our house was in the former US Army officer's housing area next to the Taiwan Cultural

University. To get from my house to the language school, I had to walk across a rice patty that was home to many Asian cobras, who would pop their heads from the rice fields to watch me walk by. The snakes never bothered me, but some of the other students had snakes living under their houses.

Because I had greater academic Chinese language experience, I only had classes scheduled in the morning. The rest of my day was left open to do anything I wanted to do. Also, because I was in a Government employee student status, I did not take leave unless I missed a scheduled class. I spent my afternoons visiting the many interesting places all over island.

Although, I had spoken and read Chinese at a basic academic level for many years, I soon learned that there was much more to learn. I found that, in general, no native English speaker can attain a fluent level in reading or speaking Chinese. If anyone who is a native English speaker and who has fulfilled a Chinese speaking mission or have graduated with a degree in Chinese, and who says he/she is fluent in Chinese, then they either do not understand reality or is a liar. At the end of my studies at the State Department Chinese Language School, I tested as a 3 plus level Chinese language speaker and reader. A 5 level speaker is considered to be fluent. The student that tested the highest level that year tested at a level 4. This person was my very close friend, Doug M., who I supervised for several years. His wife was a Chinese native and Doug received a PhD in Chinese from the University of California, Berkeley.

My language skills grew that year mainly because of the expert level of Chinese language teachers and the enhanced ability to practiced what I had learned.

On the sidewalks in Taiwan, this time, was somewhat different from my previous experience because more people seemed to speak Mandarin in public rather than Taiwanese. I can only think that this difference can be a result of greater academic achievement county wide. Taiwanese was still spoken at home for much of the island, but business was using Mandarin more than before.

I started at the rather high language level of 2 plus/3 where many of my fellow students were somewhere between 1 plus and 2. I was put in the highest level language classes. There were two others in my classes, with my friend Doug, who was in classes by himself. During this time at school, I also held a leadership position in my English speaking church that met down the hill in Tian Mu.

Later in the school year, all students took a trip together and visited the south part of Taiwan, including Peng Hu, an island off Taiwan's southern coast. Peng Hu has very nice coral beaches. I had spent very little time in that part of Taiwan, had never visited Peng Hu before.

The Bridge to Infinity

Chapter Five: Career Development, and Trouble

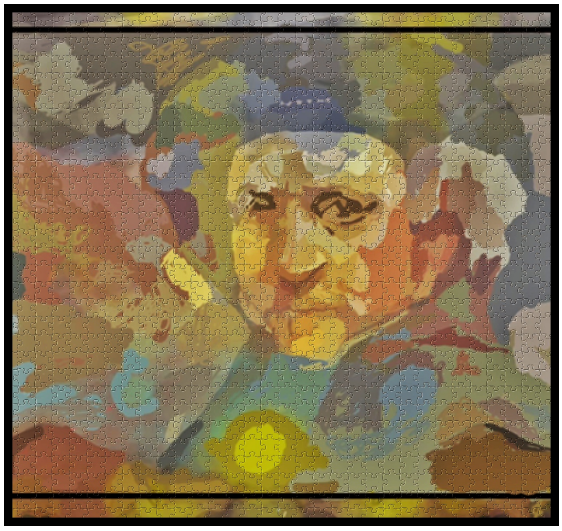
WWI

We returned from Taiwan again and I reenlisted in my previous job, working an eight hour day. I was assigned to a different Branch and Team than before, things were, otherwise, as if I had never left. I already knew most of the members of my new team, so I had little trouble fitting in. Some of the people on my new team became very close friends.

I started out working for an older branch chief, but he retired about a year latter. My next boss was a lady I had known for years and was at first somewhat afraid of her because she was extremely detailed oriented. However, I soon learned that not understanding every little detail made her anxious. When I helped her by letting her know that I had the situation under control, her anxiety went away. This was where I started to learn how to manage my managers. This was extremely helpful in my later career when I had to learn another lesson of how to manage a government job without a manager. This detailed oriented, anxious boss was really the last boss who really felt that they could manage me. From this point on, I found that I had to make the rules myself because of my coming situations, I was truly moving out into some uncharted government sea.

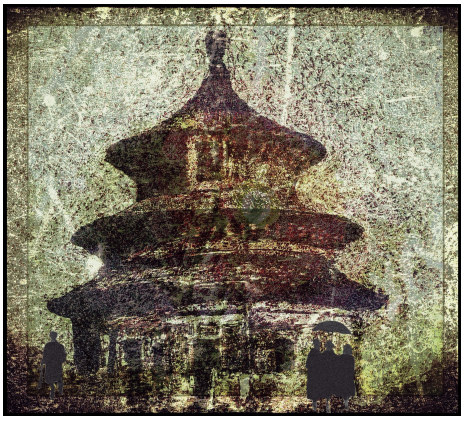
However, before I get too deep into these uncharted government waters, I first need to cover my first government TDY. I had just returned from language school and was at my all time peek with regard to my language skills ability. I found that that both the Government and I were of the opinion I was ready work overseas temporary jobs without any supervisor looking over my shoulder. Sometime around the summer of 1986, I was selected to work several months in Beijing for the State Department.

This assignment was temporary State Department job working out of the old Beijing Embassy in the Jianguomenwai district.. These Embassy buildings had originally belonged to Pakistan and were located in the old Embassy District east of Tian An Men Square. I thoroughly enjoyed working that overseas temporary job and was quite good at doing all I was asked to do.



At the time I was first in Beijing, Garret Gong was a special assistant to the US Ambassador and I passed his office every morning on my way into my office. Garret had been one of my first group of Chinese teachers when I had started to learn Chinese before my mission. Garret's wife, Susan Lindsey Gong was a fellow missionary with me and had returned home from her mission at the same time I returned myself. Garret was also the 2nd Counselor in the Beijing Branch Presidency of my church in China. I knew the 1st Counselor, Steve Toronto also from my years as a Taiwan missionary.

Our church meetings were held in the Gong's Embassy housing. The financial clerk for the Beijing Branch was Tim Stratford. Tim and I would count and deposit the church donations every Monday in the Embassy Financial Section offices. Tim would later be called as a Mission President in Taiwan.



Beijing

During my off time in Beijing, I completely enjoyed myself, seeing places and sites that I had only read about. I went to the Great Wall, I visited the Forbidden City, the Temple of Heaven, and the many Beijing antiquate stores. I purchased Chinese books, jade, and pottery. I had fun.

Over the 4th of July weekend, I took a train from Beijing to Tai An in Shang Dong Province to climb Tai Shan Mountain, which was home to

Confucius many years ago. Many Chinese, as well as, foreign students of Chinese language and literature travel yearly to Tai An specially to climb the Mountain. The trail is a well laid out path with stone steps to climb when the path gets too steep. It really doesn't take that long to climb to the top and it is a trail that can be climb by people of all ages. This is just something that students of Chinese history want to do, if possible, when In China. The weather was nice and I enjoyed the mountain.

I took a night train back to Beijing and shared a sleeping car with a young couple from East Germany. This was before 1990, the Berlin Wall had not fallen and the Soviet Union was still intact. Germany was divided and East Germany was not our friends. I found that my work did not appreciate that I found myself in the company of a couple from a communist country.

The Beijing train station platforms where covered with homeless people, all sitting around on the ground. I had to step between these people just to get into and out of the station. The men in the Capital who had jobs were still wearing what we called Mao suits, or the type of dress that the now deceased Chairman Mao wore. In the neighborhoods I saw many youth playing ping pong on permanent brick and cement outdoor tables. Lots of young and old in the parks would be seen flying kites.

Police Station Around the Corner from the Square

I rode a bicycle which I had purchased. I went to rent a cycle and found that the price of renting one was the same as just buying it. I just gave it away when I went home.

One day while riding my bike through an Embassy housing compound parking lot, I accidentally ran over a man walking to his doorway. The man was an declared US intelligence leader who I was told not to recognize or talk to out side of the Embassy. With out talking or even looking the man in the face, I helped him up and rode off. He

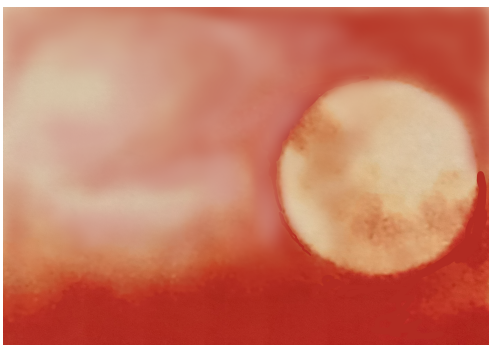
never mentioned the incident to me afterwards. I thought it was an embarrassing event.

I didn't work for the man I ran over, but many would try to guess who did work for him. On day while I was sitting in Tim Stratford's car in front of the Embassy, in front of several Chinese military guards "guarding" the Embassy, I was talking with Tim about whether I should go to law school or stay in the government. Tim mentioned that he felt I could do better than work for the man I had ran over. The man's name was Bill and I stated that I definitely did not work for Bill. Afterwards, I worried that the guards had her me talk about Bill.

My excessive worrying about what the military guards had or had not heard, grew into anxiety that I could not control. Unfortunately, that anxiety affected my future relationship with the government's security people, because when I reported the incident, the level of my anxiety made them think that I had done something worse more than I really. My over reaction to this incident eventually caused me a great amount of trouble.

When I returned home to my regular job, I learn that the position I had temporarily filled in Beijing was being made a permanent position by the State Department. I had done the job well and was a good candidate for taking the permanent position. I applied and was accepted. I only had to be cleared by security before taking the Job. I was given the date of June 3rd 1989 to take up my position in Beijing.

Things did not go well, as mentioned above, with my obtaining security approval for the position. I went through many interviews and did not convince security that I had not done something thing wrong either in China or earlier in my life. I sat through many interviews over the next few months with the same results. I was so frustrated that I told security that I would not meet with them again, a decision that could have resulted in losing my job with the government.



Red World

Those who did not obtain such approval from

security in the past were let go, having their employment terminated. I was very scared that this would happen to me. I began seeing a psychiatrist because of my anxiety And was initially diagnosed as having GAD, general anxiety disorder. Later this would change to be OCD, obsessive anxiety disorder. My government agency for some reason decided to let me remain an employee with all of the responsibilities I had held, but not allow me to take the overseas State Department position.

I still had to work with security to clean my record as to whatever my troubles were. I then started working again with security just to keep my job.

A Place I May Have Visited, But Under Another Name

My agency's deputy director for security took on the job of getting me back in security's list of good employees. I met with this man every week for a discussion and lunch for an entire year. After that year, I agreed to again sit

Stop! I need a hand.

for a security interview. That time I passed and was again an employee with full approval by security.

An interesting thing about my failed attempt to take the position in Beijing was that on June 3rd 1989, the day I was supposed to arrive, Beijing was overran with protesting citizens in the capital's Tian An Men square. It was quite an international event, but I missed that party and I was thankful I did.

Several unexpected good things came out of my 5 years of not being in security's good graces. The make-shift program that was developed especially for me to deal with my anxiety, helped my agency realize that an employee assistance organization staffed with medical people was needed to help employees with emotional needs. With the establishment of my agency's employee assistance program, all other government agencies in turn established their own employee assistance programs. Because of my involvement in this movement, I had become someone who was known throughout my agency.

Another benefit of my failure to go overseas was that I stayed home, with my home organization, not knowing that hard times were coming to my branch. I didn't know it then, but in a few years, I was going to instrumental to saving our mission. By going through these personal hard years, I learned how to survive and to help others survive and grow. If I had not been there for my organization, many careers would have not have survived in my branch, as well as, in other organizations, places where employees sought to became managers for the money rather than for their mission and people.

After writing that last line, I have to admit that very few managers who I knew did not think so deeply to understand that they were valuing money more than people, but I did notice that many of these managers would not take on troubled employees or even employees who appeared see the mission in a different light as management. These managers did not look deeply enough to see the true value of these different or troubled employees and what special skills they may have.

Many managers did not want to work a little harder to help a struggling person find success. and so, I began taking on the troubled employees who no one wanted. Many of these people were real diamonds in the rough and have become some of my truest friends. I turned down potential assignments that would have led to higher pay, assignments which were further away from than the level in which I could help people in need, because I saw too many employees struggling to gain success under poor managers. I helped many struggling government worker and increased their confidence in doing a good job.

I can tell see that the last few paragraphs really leads into the next chapter so I think I had better move on with my story.

The Difficult, But Proper Road To Be Traveled

A Seat Only One Can Fill

Chapter Six: My First Management Experiences

Shot Heard Around the World

My personnel troubles were mostly over by this part of my career. After security and I began to see eye to eye, security started using me as special, but unofficial, officer. They would call me in to help them understand other employees who were having their own troubles. I was even asked to speak at an international intelligence security conference. They wanted me to explain my experience with having a physical, emotional, or mental disorder that may look like a true security problem. I was treated with great respect at this conference.

At that time, I also became an active member of my agency's disabilities employee group. Every month, our group was introduced to the various disabilities that employees may have to deal with. Not knowing, or understanding, that what I thought at that time was OCD, I represented the OCD world. I believe now that what I experienced as OCD was just a pre Parkinson's symptom resulting from improper functioning brain cells that produced dopamine.

During this same period of time, I was also allowed again allowed to perform overseas TDYs for other agencies. I actually went back to Beijing in the 1990s and had a wonderful time revisiting some of my favorite sites in northern China. However, by this time, I was aware that I would never again apply for a permanent overseas position because I had started understanding my physical limitations. This was something that was hard for me to do.

The story of my entry into supervising and management is not an ordinary one. Usually, in my line of work, a supervisor's position becomes empty and employees apply for the position. My case was not that simple. The work in my office was slowing down. New work was not coming in and my fellow workmates stared looking around for more work to do. Then the day came that we were told that we had no more work available and that our branch was being closed down. We were told to look for other offices within the agency who we could work for.

I didn't want to work elsewhere. I liked what I was doing and didn't want to work in another office, especially in some place that did not know my history. I told my management that I believed what we had been doing was important and that it would be a great mistake to shut us down completely. If we were needed in the future, the agency would have to invest many years training a new workforce to do what we knew how to do.

Without knowing what I was really saying, I asked if I could lead a skeleton crew who would investigate how to find more work like what we were trained to work. I had no clear idea how to do what I had suggested, but my management thought I had the right idea. I was made the leader, the supervisor, of this talented analytical crew and I set out to figure out how to do what seemed to me was impossible.

The Academic Scholar

I had established some good contacts within the agency, contacts who sincerely wanted to see me succeed. I reached out to these good friends for help when I found at first that I had little or nothing to offer my team to work on. These good contacts, helpful friends, did not let me down and very quickly I found myself accepting work "under the table" so to speak. This was good work that other teams didn't have the resources to handle and I had the people who were expert in doing the work. In a short time, my team had plenty of work to keep them quite busy.

I can't quite remember what happened exactly, but in the end, the work we were doing was beginning to attract attention from those at higher levels. Within time, the work we were doing became ours to do officially and we were became a very legitimate operation. I had succeeded. I had gambled and won.

Things were changing in our little world and there came a day when many of the organizations around us were either cut, divided or merged. My little team was merge with a larger branch, the branch which I had been getting help from “under the table.” I had been a team chief before the merge and in the new organization I was promoted to be a deputy branch chief with the main responsibility of continuing leading the effort I had been working.

My first branch chief in this new organization, named Dave, was a seemingly permanent PhD candidate in some kind worthless program. Dave taught me much of what I would need to succeed in my vast, future responsibilities. Dave, did very well himself, by becoming the assistant to a very powerful US Senator and then taking a permanent change of duty by becoming the lead expert assistant to an Admiral stationed in Hawaii. To tell my story, I need to also tell about those who taught me what I needed to know.

Dave, ended up, by really earning his PhD and leaving us. But, before he left, Dave spent a lot of time helping me to understand how to take on more work than I could handle and then get through that work, or as much as time would permit and in a way that others couldn’t do because they were afraid of starting projects that looked impossible to handle. We took on a lot, and made the bit of work we could accomplish look like we were competent, even more competent than others. Under Dave, I learned how to encourage people to do what they thought they could never do. I learned to present our work to our leadership as if it were perfect, making us look something just shy of perfect too.

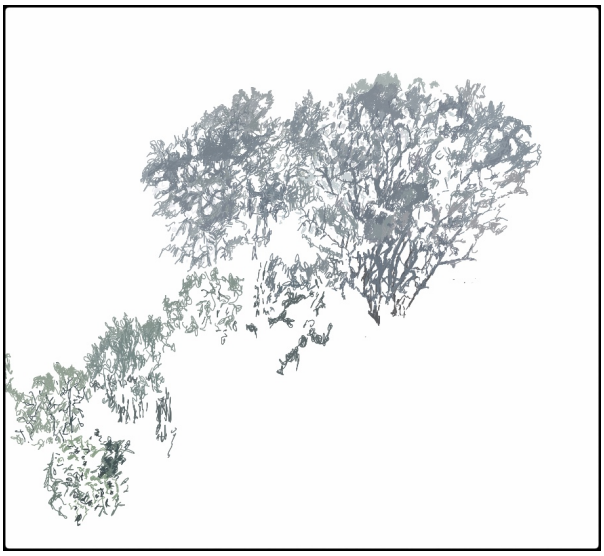
Life as Viewed by the Young

When Dave left us, he was replaced by a very competent analyst, maybe the best analytic mind I ever worked with. Steph, in my mind was actually two persons. The first being the quiet Steph I met on her first day of her work and drove her to a party being held at the home of a coworker. That Steph was a real friend. I introduced her to the man she would eventually marry, who was also a man that I helped save his career in later years. The other Steph scared me. I knew

I would never come close to equal here analytic intelligence. I feared that my work would never be acceptable to Steph. She was the best and I was only a pretender, schooled under the hand of Dr. Dave.

But, I was amazed that Steph could only see good in me and the work I did. If nothing else, Steph taught me self respect. She gave me more and the more of the branch leadership responsibilities. During that short period, I grew into a true leader of both programs and people. Steph did not stay long as that she was needed at higher levels of management where her analytic skills were not needed.

It was my turn to take the lead of our seemingly unimportant branch. I had no idea, at that time, how far we would go and how large and important we would become. My next few chapters tells the story of my most successful efforts I experienced during my government career.



A Code, An Unfinished Picture

The West Country

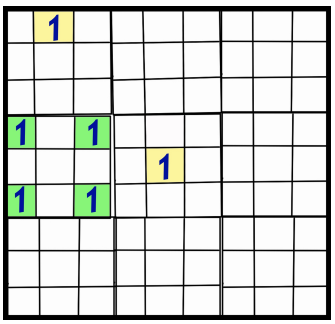
Chapter Seven: Codes, A Brief Interlude

One of the greatest lessons I learned during my career as an analyst was the need for everyone understand how to recognize and to break or decipher the many codes we face in life. So, at this point, I want to take a chronological break in my story to introduce the topic of codes and code breaking, something that I needed to learn to be successful in all that I did.

However, I want to be clear on one point, “this” discussion of code breaking has nothing to do with making or breaking military or similar codes. Here, when I refer to codes, I mean the patterns or codes we all experience in everyday life and the process to understand the need to recognize and to break such codes

Lately, as I have been thinking about this topic, a topic that in many ways became a natural process in my life because of my work experiences. I have come to realize that much of what we do each day can be considered breaking of one kind of code or another. We break codes by just trying to understand the various relations we have with others. Daily we face relationship codes at home, at church, at work, or anywhere else we may be. These codes we face have multiple levels of meaning and have many complex ways of decrypting. Being able to break these codes help us to deal better with family, work better with associates, avoid unnecessary communication misunderstandings. So, as you can see, I strongly believe that life is all about learning to recognize codes and to decrypt the codes that affect the way we live.

To better understand what I am talking about, I want to use examples from the games we may play. By using this example, hopefully you can visualize other simple codes that anyone may face in real life. In this example, I want to show that codes can be found in anything we do such as working a sudoku puzzle.



The first step in breaking a code is recognizing a pattern. For example, in sudoku, if you are trying to find possible positions to place a certain number, say a 1, within in a square (see the green placements in the

figure),, and you see that there is a 1 already placed in the middle row within another square that is horizontal to the square you are working and there is also a 1 in the middle column of a square that is vertical to that square, (see yellow placements in the figure) then according to the code you have worked out or the pattern you see, you know a 1 can only be positioned in the corner (green) positions within the square you are working on.

This is a very simple code that when broken, the game becomes one step closer to solution. Solving sudoku games may not change lives, but it does provide a simple example of recognizing and decrypting the codes of life. Once a simple pattern is recognized and an understanding of how that pattern can lead to solutions, then generally speaking, the next time one is confronted with that pattern again, less thought needs to be exerted to decrypting that pattern.

I have also played anther game that illustrates recognizing patterns and decrypting codes. This game involves positioning 15 blocks, each one designated by a unique color, into a 5 by 3 grid by following a list of 8 to 10 instructions to obtain a specific solution. The instructions may include such hints such as the green block can see the blue block, and is a friend to the brown block, which requires one to break the instruction codes to solve the problem.

Great Falls

Our lives are full of simple codes that are also based on a patterns. For example, one time when talking to my mother about certain codes we face in life, I pointed out all the many relationships that were required to come together for ensuring the success of a certain event. The various aspects needed for the success of that event could only be decrypted by analyzing the relationship codes of the different groups of people involved. This understanding the success of this event required understanding the relationship codes between the various people who grew up in a certain neighborhood, the local small town religious communities, acquaintances developed 40 years ago on the opposite side of the country, local past cub-scout activities, and marriages and divorces involving people who have lived on Ochoco Avenue where I grew up. All of

these relationships came together in the form of a code that could be decrypted to show why this event was successful.

When any code is broken, one need not spend effort breaking that code again when the same patterns are recognized happening again. By recognizing the formation of certain sub patterns of a previously broken code, a greater chance of repeating success can be found in putting effort into ensuring all of the previous successful sub patterns are also attained. Thus by recognizing patterns and breaking the code, further success may be had by recognizing the same patterns again and reusing the original broken code.

Traffic

Another type of code we all face is found in our group communications. In looking at these type of communication codes, we need to understand what is called a "message external " and what is a "message external." Most of the time, without thinking of codes, we try to understand only the message internals, or what has been actually communicated in the message, such as "I love you" or "I am going to the store." It is a common practice for everyone to analyze message internals to understand family relationships, but message externals can provide very valuable information and can also be read as a code.

The message external data can tell a lot about a group or family just by understanding the patterns found in the information about the message, like information found on an email TO and FM lines, Subject lines, or date and time stamps. By just analyzing who communicates with who, or who is on the CC or BCC line, or who doesn't communicate with who, or even who uses email and who texts or uses another platform including old fashion snail mail, a good analyst can tell a lot about the group.

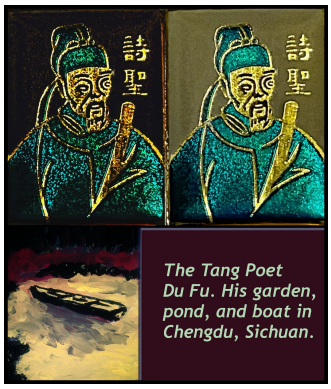
In looking at my own family's message external data, I can tell a very interesting story. Other groups we may belong to will tell another story if you take the time to recognize the patterns. As for me, breaking message external

codes come naturally and I do it without thinking what I am doing. However, I do know that the more anyone learns to break social relations codes, the better they will understand life.

In thinking about the seemingly unexpected current situations we face today, I think one can actually find better understanding if patterns can be found. I believe there must be hidden, code messages that can be decoded to help us better understand our times. I want to come back to this thought, but first I want to tell you about my first introduction to such coded messages.

This was at a time when I was a young Chinese language and literature student at the University of Oregon when I had never before been introduced to coded messages. It was then that I was first introduced to Chinese poetry. If someone had suggested that I should study poetry, I Would have been quite clear that I had no interest in poetry. I didn't think much of western poetry and felt it was all just silly words about love. I was more interested in real fiction, like crime and detective stories.

But, it wasn't long before I realized that Chinese poetry was not simple love rhymes. It was something much more complex. Chinese poetry, I found was in fact, an ancient example of political coded messages, very much like the early political editorial writings of Benjamin Franklin and other columnists before the revolutionary war. Poetry was a way for Chinese intellectuals to express their views of current events or political and governmental opinions without being so literal that they could be accused of treason.



Decoding Chinese poetry quickly became an enjoyable task for me. During college, I was assigned certain poems, not only to translate, but to decode, explaining the various levels of meaning. This was not just a simple task of using standard Chinese English dictionaries to find the literal meaning of each character. The classic poets used older, traditional

characters, many of which carried meanings that are not used in modern language.

My first task was to understand the surface or literal meaning by translating the arcade characters. This level was an open message that anyone with an understanding of traditional Chinese language could read and understand. The poet may describe a landscape or a walk in nature, using flowery expressions that present a vivid picture for the reader. The topics could be peaceful, such as a bright sunny day and beautiful flowers, or it may be an extremely violent description of a dark, stormy night. Most poems are politically neutral at the surface or highest levels, carrying innocent messages which could offend no one. Even though, these messages are innocent, the language that is used is not easy to understand, especially for an American student of Chinese.

911

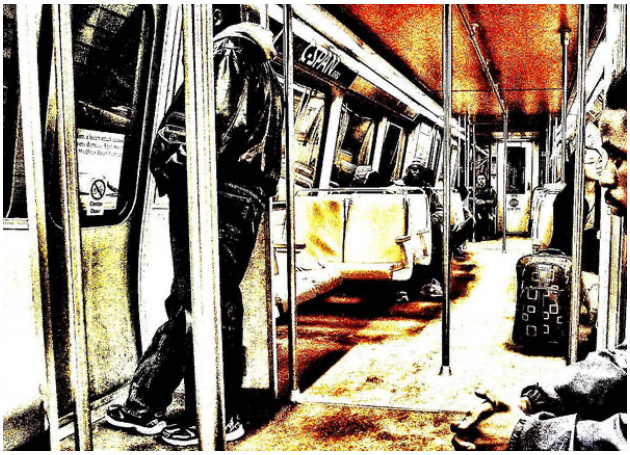
This innocent, archaic level uses language that first has to be decoded if the underlying meaning is to be made clear. But, after determining the meaning of the surface level, I then could see that the poem may have a second and sometimes a third level of meaning. Many times the second level will be of more explicit love, sexual in nature, but even this love language is encoded, using older characters and definitions to describe intimate acts. For me to decode this 2nd level, I would have to go back to the older dictionaries that carry archaic definitions, look for the lesser used meanings of each character, and then piece together a second, but unrelated translation than the surface level prom. This level of meaning is still considered a somewhat open message because the meaning can still be understood by using standard dictionaries.

The third level of meaning in Chinese poems usually is understood to be the real meaning. At this level most dictionaries are insufficient to decode the poem. To understand this level I had to be able to access exact phrases found in the tens or hundreds of thousands of Chinese language documents written over past two to three thousand years of Chinese history. To decode this third

level, one has to find where the various characters, phrases, and topics have been used previously. Once the entire poem has been matched up to as many historical matches as possible, the historic situations of each match needs to be researched and understood. When all this is done, then one has to look for the patterns found in the matched references and then decode the message. These messages are usually political in nature and were issues that could not be safely spoken in normal conversations.

A simple example of decoding the third level of a Chinese poem would be like finding two English words, such as, "give me" in an open document. Then after much research the 18th century phrase of "give me liberty or give me death" is found. Depending on other historic matches that may be found in the original document, I may determine that the document is coded language regarding a fight for freedom.

Today, this type of code writing can be found in the conservative Q messages. You do not have to agree with or even believe there is any value in, these messages to understand that there seem to be two and three levels of meanings contained in each message. Only someone who wants to research each level, of each message, could really understand what was supposed to be conveyed.



Life as a Code

Much of our other current political talk is also presented to us in coded messages that need to be decoded to be understand. Anyone who only reads or watches today's news, and only understands the literal or surface level meaning, will not be informed of what is going on. If you do not decode today's messages, or do not know how to decode the news, you may be a target to be used by someone else, even someone you might disagree with. You may never know you are being used in this way unless you decode the information that is presented to you. Another medium for coded messages is art. I have provided quite a number of personal items of art in this document. The captions, the style, the topic, and other aspects of each piece may have hidden or coded message. I am not

focusing this document on decoding art, so I leave any such activity to the reader. Just rest assured that the coded messages are there.

The Unfinished Pictures of Life

Chapter Eight : The Small Aircraft Carrier

An Oceangoing Vessel, Not Actually an Aircraft Carrier

(Note: It is at this point in my story, that I need to pay extra attention to ensure I only describe emotions and open, unclassified issues. Having worked many years in the classified world, I have experience weeding through what can be shared and what can't, therefore I will carry on with my story telling of only what I know I can.)

The title of this chapter is a paradox in that it is and isn't about an aircraft carrier. Like most events of our lives, there can be found multiple meanings in very simple things. The same can be said about my fictional aircraft carrier.

In the months following 911, the US Government underwent many changes, many of which were felt by every citizen of the country. New regulations for traveling in aircraft changed the time travelers needed for boarding an airplane. New government agencies were created and new regulations were created to justify the new agencies. Programs within the older agencies along

with the new agencies were were designed to reduce the chance of another 911.

During this same time, my agency received a large amount of government money to develop communication solutions that would help the many government organizations work together, especially in a time of crisis. The amount of money my agency received allegedly was equal to the cost it would take to build a new, modern aircraft carrier. I personally had no insight into how much my agency actually received, so the price on my behalf is only estimated.

The big agency program brought in many highly paid experts from many different fields for the purpose of designing and building something that had never been built before. The plan was overwhelming when looked at from any aspect.

A Road Unwisely Taken

One part of the big program was to bring in an actual work unit and place that organization in a laboratory environment so as to develop real requirements to augment the big program. The small program which I designated as the "Small Aircraft Carrier" program was to be assigned to one of my sister organizations. However, the events following 811 required the first organization to elect out of the laboratory environment and my branch was asked to take their place.

Before moving into the laboratory, my branch and myself existed mostly in quiet obscurity. We were looked on by both the community and my higher management as unimportant, but necessary. With 911, my life and my organization changed. 911 thrust me into a place which gave me possibly more access and view into more national government activities than any other government employee at my level. Being asked to be the chief of the small aircraft carrier program was my initial step into the world of national intelligence community programs.

I moved my entire branch into our new spaces. We were given a large area, but shared our office with several other organizations. The big program office was was in a smaller walled off office just beyond the row of desks where I sat with my branch leadership team. My branch had 6 or 7 teams of 5 to15 employees within the various teams. My team included me, my I deputy and two branch technical leaders. Each team had a nickname and the branch leadership team was known as Chaos.

Within our branch we had several outside branch resources. One was an employee from another agency who worked with my people on a daily basis. Another was the president of a small scale corporation that developed internet communications platforms. We also had 5 to 10 contract employees, some of which were paid for by other agencies, but still reported to me.

The Laboratory Experience

My branch was tasked with developing different ways my agency could work better with other government agencies, so I sponsored one or two employees of several agencies who were not physically located in our branch or agency spaces, but would visit us on a regular basis. I sponsored all these outside personnel, whether they were located with us or in their home agency, meaning I was responsible for making sure they all had the proper credentials to work with us and in our spaces.

In our laboratory environment, we were given special authority to operate in ways that we had never done before. For example, in the past, we would do our work, in the blind so to speak, working on topics or issues that we did not have the background to understand. We would then send our work out to experts who worked elsewhere in the government, where our work was

corrected by people who did have the background needed to understand our work. The major operational change that we experimented with was having the outside experts actually work with us before we completed our product, with the technical input from the experts from other government agencies included before we published our work.

This may seem like a minor change in our procedures, but it was foreign to our agency and had never been approved of in the past. Today, this work procedure may be considered the natural way to do business, but in the days before 911, no one thought of doing business that way. However, I was charged with disrupting the traditional work process where my agency preformed our work with employees who had no education to do what they were being asked to do. What we had been doing was like non medical employees giving out medical advice only to be later corrected by real medical trained professionals in other agencies, but the correct message would only be provided much much, later. This traditional work process was extremely inefficient and did not serve the Nation's needs.

This new way of doing our business was being developed both in face to face interactions and virtually, both of which was not practiced by our agency. We were working on developing solutions with regard to the government inter-agency communication problems that 911 made clear were needed. My branch even presented our new way of doing business to the 911 Commission. We were truly making a difference in the way government agencies interact at the national level.

Perspective

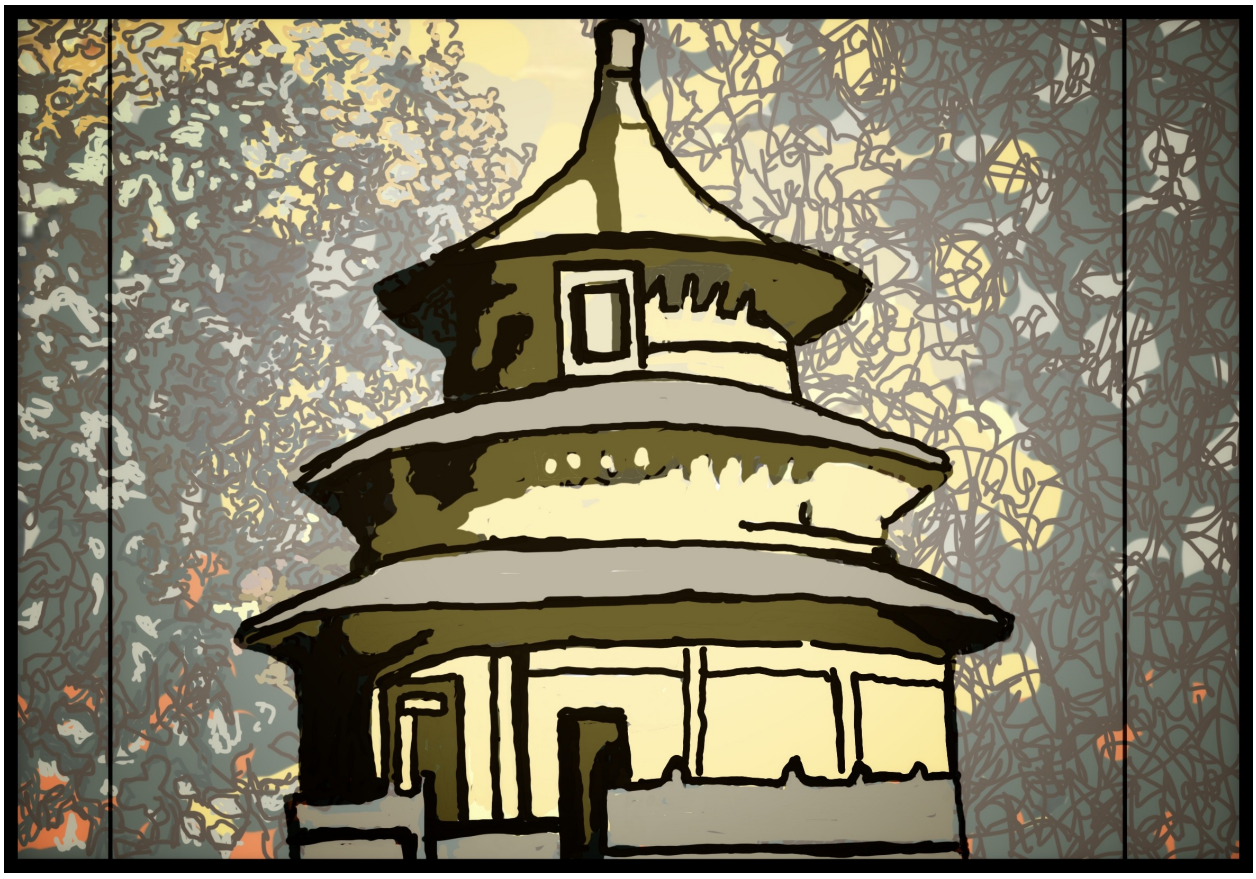
However, our efforts and successes within the smaller program were obscured by the noise being created by the larger program. If the big program had a breakthrough or success, that news was broadcast on a national level. When it was not able to do what was advertised, then that program along with our's was considered to be a failure.

In the end, the big program failed and the large amount of money granted to my agency was wasted. The failure was so great that it was the topic of a Washington Post front page article. With that

failure, my program, my successful program, was shoved aside, probably because everything associated with the massive failure was considered by all to be a failure.

The small amount of money for my program dried up, but my branch had no physical space to move back to so we remained in the failed laboratory spaces that were also being occupied by other non related programs. My branch was cut off physically from our parent organization and it seemed that we were also left on our own to determine our branch operations. From that point on, I felt that I had little or no higher level oversight and direction traditionally given to branch organizations. I had to make my own way traversing through the bureaucracy that determined what was needed to be done.

A Man Before His Time



Artificial Progress Through an Artificial World

Chapter Nine: National Level Influence

The Eagle and the Key

In the aftermath of the explosive sinking of my agency's large aircraft carrier and when the surface water had somewhat calmed, I found myself exactly in the same position where I had been before the great digital naval disaster. My branch was still physically where they were before, sitting in what had been the former laboratory spaces, though it was no longer designated as a laboratory. My in-house, outside experts were still embedded within my organization. The president of the small internet corporation was still sitting three desks away from me. And, what is more, we were still working with our outside community experts in same new way we had developed, even though my agency had not yet fully given official approval for other offices to interact with outside partners the way we were operating.

We still were visiting our community experts in their own workspace and including them in our workflow. I was still hosting and sponsoring our outside help, both those sitting with us and those working in their own agency spaces, enabling them to have official access to our workflow and to translate the details we found that were in their area of expertise. So, as I have said, On the surface it seemed as if nothing had changed.

But, much had changed and changed in a way that I had not expected. Although, our workflow remained mostly unchanged, I soon found out what it truly meant to have been cut loose from that giant oceangoing vessel, that aircraft carrier. My organization was in some ways just floating wherever the waves and the tide would take us. I still had division management on paper, but they existed in some far away place. I now had to look to my division organization for funding because I no longer had the large pot of money which we had had in the laboratory environment. But, the time and distance from my management was still quite a large gap, they had grown used to not having to care for us and we had a similar feeling that we didn't want their care, such care which lacked imagination and improvement. When we had been tethered to the big aircraft carrier, in our laboratory environment, we

Eagle Without a Key

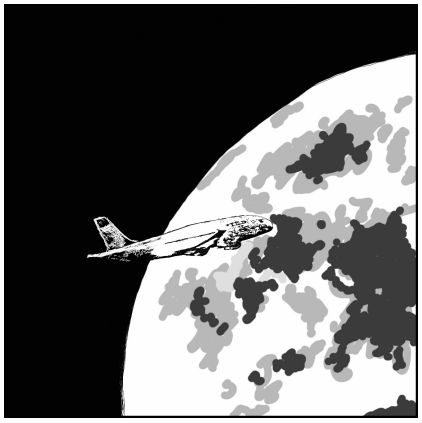
didn't need to work with our management as other organizations did, but now we were no longer answering to a higher placed master. In many ways, it seemed as if we had no desire or need for divisional level master.

But, even though we still had to appear as if we answered to a division manager, in reality that manager still had little desire or input as to what we did or which direction we were to take. In same cases, my boss was not even cleared for what I personally was doing. The next level of management had greater interest in what we did, but their interest was at a very high level and they did not attempt to direct us on a day to day basis. It appeared that we had become an autonomous region within our own agency, answering to no traditional organizational or label. We were still known as a branch on our organization chart, sitting beneath a traditional division, but that was just on paper.

Our branch was growing. It was becoming an organization twice or three times the size of our sister branches. Employees were asking to work in our organization because we were different from their old branches and we had developed ways to make our people look good both within our agency and in the large outside community we interacted with.

Within our physical office space we had grown from 35 to 50 to 75 and more employees, but this large number of internal employees did not include our experts from other agencies who still occupied space in our office. And, later our organization would grow even larger in a virtual sense when we opened two remote offices across the country. These virtual offices had their own management, but still answered to us as to what work they would do and how they accomplished that work.

About this same time, our organization was becoming noticed by the national level community and our work was rapidly changing in priority within the national level community system. In the days when I first started working for the government, this same work was considered, by most in the country, to be a low priority, nice to have, effort, a real backwater endeavor. But, now everyone wanted a piece of what we were doing. Even though, as stated



Off Course

above, we were still using the workflow improvements that we championed during our laboratory period, those improvements had not been officially sanctioned. Because, we were interacting with the outside community in our improve ways, we were being noticed and our work was being looked on in a different light.

Then one day, I was asked to take my organization on still another development voyage. But, this time our seemingly unlimited funds were just for us and not shared with a larger program. This new effort again changed our organizational status, but it really did not have a great impact on how we did our work. The change, though, thrust me up to an extremely high rung on the community ladder. This time, the organization did not get noticed as much as I was being noticed. I was thrown out into the spotlight standing on my own.

In this new world, I was asked to be involved with many different outside tasks and to brief my ideas, plans and intentions to everyone within in my larger government scope of influence. I was asked to go to the White House to work with the President's staff. I was asked to help author papers and official documents with many experts from all the different agencies in our community. I was asked to lead or co-lead national level working groups with members from all over the country. My life, and the life of my organization, had changed overnight into something that I could have never imagined. I felt like I had attained real "rock star " status. I was known all over the country. I had hit the big time.

At this same time, I was asked to work three months in Northern Virginia assisting a very high level community expert team author a sensitive paper on a subject that was gaining importance at the national level. It was during this period that I was introduced to many of my community leadership friends and partners. In the past, I had only been associating with national subject matter experts, but in this group, I found myself working with both the national government experts and leadership.

Of this group of 30 or more rising community players, I was the only one representing my agency. I think I surprised the group because they had never worked with anyone well with my background. In the past, my agency did not play well with the others and at first the group didn't expect a lot from me.

However, I had spent much time and effort in the past few years developing ways that my agency could communicate more effectively with the rest of the government. I believe I was probably the best choice from my agency to participate in this kind of effort. The group found me quite open to helping them and I did it, from their point of view, in a very refreshing way. I was able to shape the final paper so as to ensure that my agency's special skills and knowledge were reflected in our effort. Apparently, this was something that the other community members had never experienced.

Sighting the New Land

Again, the lessons I had learned from the failed aircraft carrier program continued to help me and my career. Looking back on that grand naval failure, I think I may have gained the most benefit than the others who went down with the ship. I believe I contributed a lot to the final community paper which was actually written by our group's leader. We were there only to provide answers to his questions and specific details known only to the various subject matter experts and leadership. I completely enjoyed the experience working at a level beyond a scope which my own agency leadership could provide. I found that I was treated quite well at that level and that the others respected my skills and knowledge.

This paper was probably quite good, but we never had a chance to truly find out how good it was. The day after we had finished the task, this highly expert document was found in the hands of someone who was not supposed to have it. I never learned the actual details of what happened, but apparently the government was not happy. The FBI stepped in and started an investigation, trying to finger the person who was responsible for this incident.

I was asked to be interviewed by the FBI to find out what I knew and what I thought had happened. I do not believe that I was ever thought to be the one who mishandled the information. The FBI seemed to want me to finger a certain individual, one who I had nothing but respect for. But, I could tell that they suspected that other individual because of their questions.

What to do, Where to go?

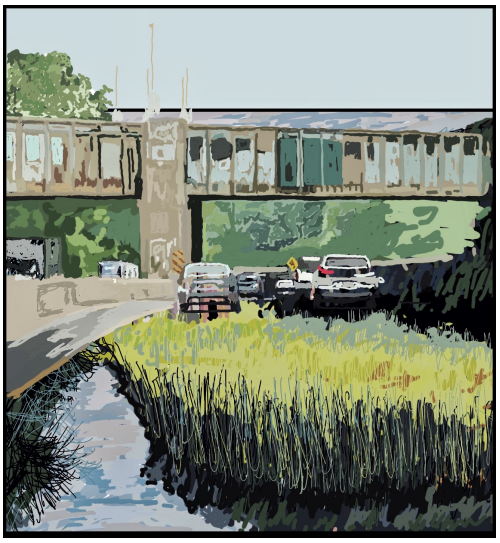
My interview lasted at least 4 hours. I spent much of that time telling the FBI that I did not suspect anyone of the group including the individual they wanted me to suspect. As I remember the details of that meeting, the interview was just a revolving conversation. I was repeatedly asked if the individual could have done it and I repeatedly answered that I had no knowledge that could help them. I was amazed that an interview could last that long with only one question asked and only one answer provided.

At this time, my boss's boss, our organization's senior executive, was also assigned to lead a significant national level program that oversaw the efforts of all agencies in our community. My actual boss was never asked to participate in this project and he had very little insight into what was involved. I, however, was asked to lead a sub effort in this program. I say I was asked to lead, but In actuality I was asked to be a co-leader working with a senior expert or leader from another agency, but I was never given a partner who lasted more than a few weeks before going on to some other position. So, in the end, I led this national level effort on my own

In my capacity as group leader, I had to attend multi agency meetings and project leadership offsite planning conferences. These conferences were held in locations that I had never had access to in the past. They were mainly weeklong events held at restricted places in Virginia. One other time, a large group working this effort spent a week in Hawaii briefing others on what we were doing. I, and sometimes, with one other individual, traveled to various places in the continental United States giving briefings to external partners. I started spending as much or more time with my non branch assignments than I did doing the actual work that my position required. I always made sure that

I had a very strong branch deputy to take care of my organization when I was gone.

At the same time that I was running my extra large branch, including all of the activities dealing with the embedded experts from other agencies, as well as, running this very high level community effort, I was also asked to to co-lead another community working group that had no relationship to any of my other duties.



A Scene from The Wizard of Oz

This new assignment really did come with an actual co-leader and partner. She was a senior employee of another agency and I was asked to help lead this group because of my experience I had gained while leading the small aircraft carrier project. One more time I benefited from that one experience even though it had failed.

The work being done by this group was more open than most efforts I had been associated with. In a sense it was just a higher level effort to do a lot of the same things we were doing in the laboratory. This group was trying to guide the government's development of better way for agencies to work together and share information. The official title of our group was the Intelligence Community Information Sharing Working Group. We had members from all of the agencies within our community and we held community meetings every month where we tried to open up communication channels between all agencies and all locations in the community.

Again, I found my self associating and leading experts coming from many places well beyond my home agency. This assignment, if I can call it an assignment, came with duties that no one in my agency had ever undertook. My management or agency had no connection to what I did in this position. I had been asked by someone completely outside of my leadership's authority to become a leader in this effort. No one in my management chain could or would direct what I did with this group.

From my point of view, I was juggling four or more full time jobs and getting paid for only one. My annual work assessment only covered the one job I had been hired for, but that was the job I spent the least amount of time dealing with. On any given work day, I was traveling to meetings or conferences in Maryland, DC, or Virginia. More and more, I was not at my desk doing my real job.

Wasteland

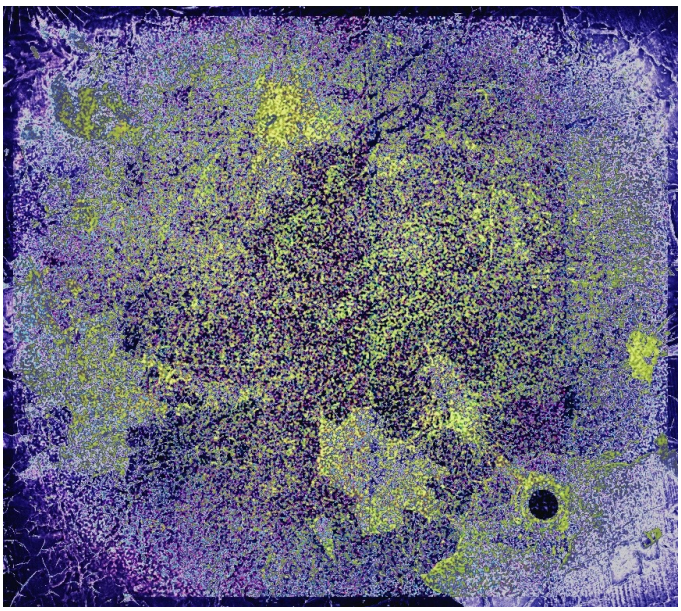
If I had kept up this pace for the entire time I had left before my retirement, I would have crashed and burned out. But, as things turned out my career took a very unexpected turn and I left behind much of the duties described in this chapter.

As a closing story for this chapter, I would like to tell of an experience I had about this same time with a senior executive in my management chain. We were chatting in the hallway one day and I was asked if I wanted to buy a satellite with my program money. I said that I didn't need a satellite, so why would I want to purchase one. I was the told that by buying a satellite, I would make my program look real "cool."

I was dumbfounded. I had never thought that looking "cool" was essential to serving my country.

Bonanza Meets Shanghai Noon

Chapter Ten: Losing Control



Looking for Pure Space

The story at the end of the last chapter goes a long way to explain some of the inexplicable events that occurred during my final years in the Intelligence Community. Looking back on those events, I now realize that I did not look cool enough to continue in the positions I held. In the end, I was told that my skills and experience was no longer needed. However, let me return to tell a few more stories that happened just before I was relieved of my duties as an expert and a leader.

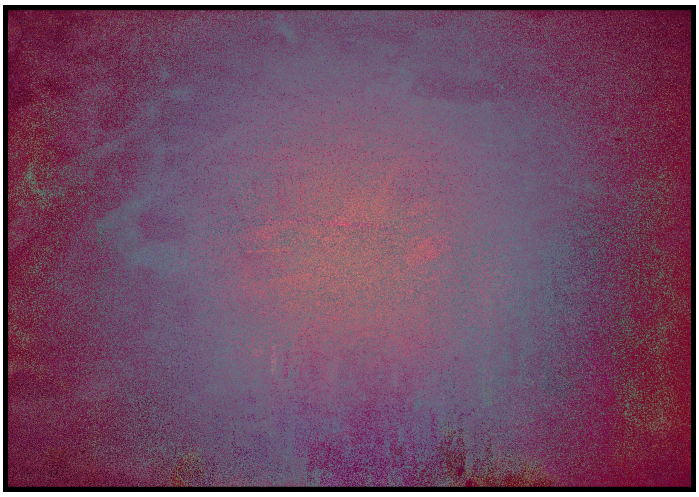
Around the time of that "satellite" conversation, I undertook still another major responsibility. I began to represent my agency in the area information sharing development. These duties included representing the agency in outside community working groups and guiding the direction of internal information sharing efforts.

This new assignment meant that I was my agency's representative for the community's information sharing working group, making me a member of a working group of which I was also the leader. I also found that I was to work with my agency's technology organization in developing user requirements for developing new information sharing platforms. These platforms are now what are known as social media tools and platforms. The outside world was just beginning to appreciate the use of social media and the government was also looking at such technology as a means to work together virtually.

This social media development was really what I had been trying to develop and use during my organization's earlier aircraft carrier laboratory experiments. My earlier work was still not officially recognized by my

agency leadership, but the ideas we had been working on suddenly had become a new priority for my agency.

The social media corporation president who still sat in my branch's spaces was still attempting to build tools for my organization, but the agency didn't want his services. The new program was to use Microsoft technology and so I started working with Microsoft at the agency level the same time as I was working with the competing smaller social media corporation for my branch solutions. This situation became quite awkward, because I was supporting two different solution providers at the same time, knowing that I would eventually have to shut down my branch's effort and part ways with a good relationship I had with a company that had helped me succeed for many years.



Universal Climate Warming

What made my situation even more awkward was that my agency solution was Microsoft and other parts of our external community had picked IBM as their solution. As the community information sharing co-lead, I had to develop ways for the Microsoft users to work with the IBM users. Everyone wanted to only use their own solution, yet we found that the various solution providers were not willing to help us accomplish our task. My small social media corporation president said that he could solve these problems, but no one outside of my branch was willing to listen to him.

My branch information sharing project had lost all support. My agency information sharing project wasn't working with outside efforts to be successful. And, my community information sharing project was getting no where because no one wanted to develop a program that could be used by all agencies. I was in a no win situation And did not have management support at any level to help me out. I was stuck and had no idea how to proceed with any of my projects.

I really enjoyed working with with the Microsoft systems engineers. They were part of that corporation's top federal engineering team and I learned a lot working with them. When I was younger and a new college student, I had really thought I wanted to be an engineer. But, I soon learned that I didn't have a firm enough understanding of both math and physics to successfully attain an engineering degree. I had quickly left that field of study and thought I would never again have a chance of realizing that dream.

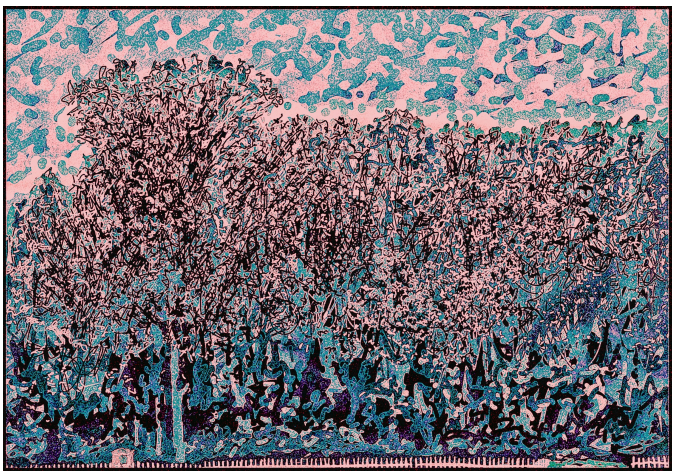
However, as I worked with these expert engineers, I learned that I could do things in their engineering world better than the engineers could. This extremely intelligent group of highly paid government contractors did not know how to communicate effectively with the people they were performing their engineer magic for. The government users of their services gave them user requirements that were needed for them to designed the user's needed solutions. But, the engineers misunderstood the users and delivered solutions that did not meet the users needs.

Old Fashioned Engineer

The engineers then tried to ask the users why their designed solutions were insufficient to meet the user's needs. This conversation was also misunderstood by both sides. The users could not speak in words that were understood by the engineers and the engineers could only talk in terms only understood by other engineers. These conversations did not help either side of these engineering problems.

I was amazed that I found I could understand both sides of these conversations. I also learned that I had a skill to communicate to both user and engineer by using a language other than English. I found that I could draw pictures of what the users needed and what the engineers were trying to design. My artistic talent successfully translated the conversation between these two sides. The engineers found that they needed someone with my

skills and background to fulfill their contract. I then became a central member of their team while I was still trying to do all of my other duties.



Natural Chaos

I remember one meeting I attended at the engineers corporation office. I walked into the conference room filled with around 20 expert systems engineers and the group lead looked up and saw me sit down. Out of the blue, he told me that I always scared him every time he would see me in one of their meetings. In response to my question of why that was, he said that I always asked difficult questions, questions that he was not able or prepared to answer.

I understood then that I really did have abilities to work in the engineering field. I could translate for the engineers, but I could also develop user requirements in an engineering environment. From that time on, I became this groups main user translator and their lead user requirements provider. Somewhat later, after my retirement as a government employee and when I came back as a government contractor, I would finally be given both the title and the pay of a senior systems engineer. I finally realized my earliest college dream.

As I worked with the Microsoft team, I provided the majority of the user requirements to build a fully functioning government social media platform that could be used by my agency in a secure environment. I was excited to

see this solution produced and used by my employees. But, that never happened.

The Microsoft Corporation decided that they would not fulfill their government contract by building a social media solution from scratch. Instead, Microsoft took the user requirements that I had provided them with and they looked for an existing product on the open market that they could purchase. They found a product called Skype which already had a customer user base and they bought it. They then renamed Skype as Microsoft Link which they used to meet the requirements of their government contract.

Have You Ever Seen?

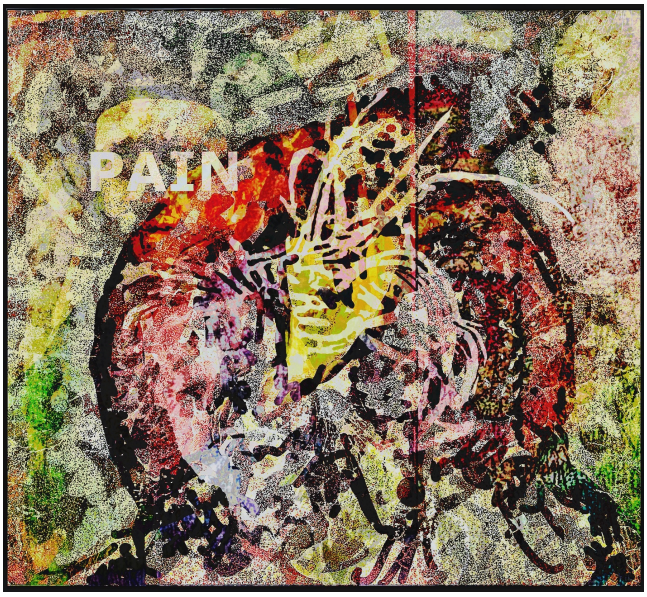
My agency provided all its employees with this Microsoft solution, but I never received any acknowledgement of my work in developing the user requirements that were used to bring this solution to our workforce. Link or Skype as it was better known was an early social media solution. Today their are much better platforms on the market that provide much better results, but when we were designing our solution, we were working in an area that had not yet been fully understood. We developed a solution that met the users basic needs at that time.

I was then living my greatest employment dreams. I was known as a leader and an expert within my agency. I was an important actor within my nation's intelligence community sphere of experts and leaders, by those who cared about the prominent things found in my background. I was a leader in the community in the area of using and sharing classified data among the various government agencies. I was working with, briefing, and assisting subject matter experts and engineers nationwide from the White House to the Department of Energy Labs. I served as a subject matter expert and leader at national intelligence community war games. But, what I think was most interesting of all was that I was asked to have a "one on one" interview with the lead guitarist of the rock and roll superstars the Doobie Brothers and Steely Dan, in the deputy director's office of a sister intelligence agency. That story, is one for a different time, but it was an interview that I never expected to have.

But, one day my government career began to crumble. I didn't realize what was happening at the time. All I knew was that I began to experience interactions with leadership that I didn't understand, much of which occurred not long after the event described in chapter one where I questioned the legality of a clearly illegal program.

My divisional management reorganized my branch and its leadership. My deputy and I were asked to step down to give others a chance to succeed in leadership roles. We were replaced by people who did not have the background to succeed in our jobs and who focused more on what their leadership wanted than what their employees needed. I feel the quality of the work diminished under the new management.

My deputy was offended by the reorganization and left our organization to work in another office. I was given the title of subject expert, but was not given any direction to be a subject expert, one who was not closely connected to the people doing the work. My old branch was split into two smaller branches and the new branch managers did not want to be directed by me.

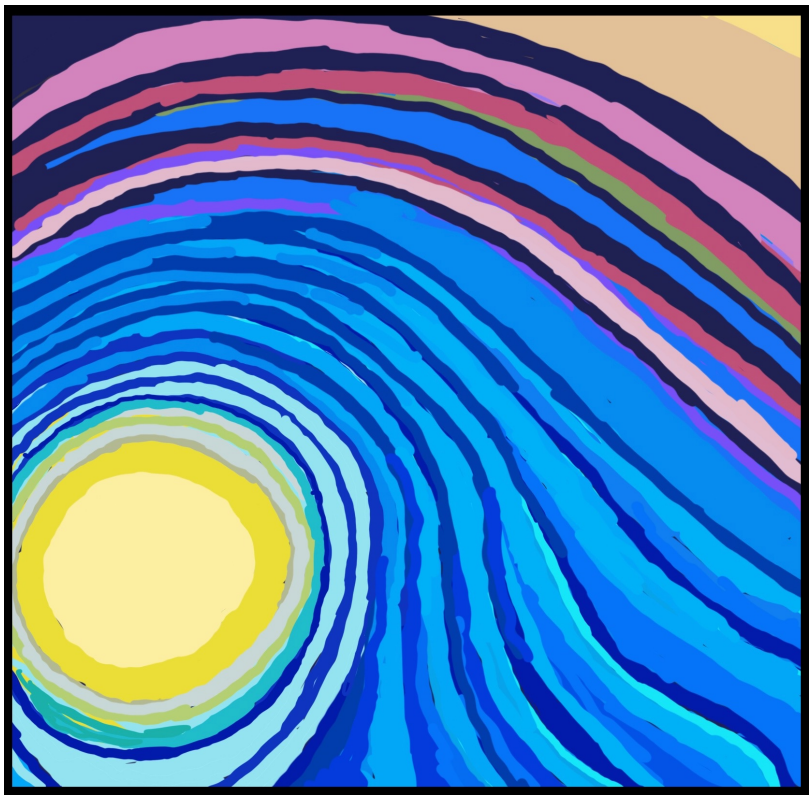


Pain

I was also replaced in my duties of leader of the national level projects that were given me by my boss's boss. That original boss had by then moved on to another higher position and his replacement, the one who wanted me to purchase a satellite, no longer wanted me in her program. My agency information sharing responsibilities also came to came to a quick end one day when I was summoned to meet with a very high level agency manager. That manager lied to me stating that he had met with me 6 months previously and had told me that my services were no longer needed because I didn't have to skills to

communicate and work with others. I left that meeting and promptly resigned from my community information sharing duties.

For the first time in my government employment, I had no real assignment or duties to perform. I had been cur free from everything I had been doing. I was adrift with no sail, rudder, or engine. I had nothing to do. I needed to look elsewhere to find a place where I was appreciated. But, this is a story for the next chapter.



The Sun As Seen Through A Windshield

Chapter Eleven: Events Leading Towards Retirement

Although, I left off at the end of the last chapter saying that I had nothing to do, however, I still had many contacts, associates, and friends to step in at my time of need. At this point in my story, I need to introduce a dear and faithful friend, Dale, who saved me from crashing my career and totally destroying my sense of self worth. When I first met Dale, he was sitting in a desk 5 to 10 feet away from me, separated by thin moveable wall section. Later, I realized that I had never seen or taken notice, of Dale in all the time we were occupying virtually the office space. Dale had been hidden away, working for another organization, and quietly changing our agency's world for good in the best way he knew how to do.

I was still in charge of everything in my fast revolving world and my branch was still firmly placed in the failed laboratory spaces. That ship had sunk and I was looking for new backers to bail out all of my sinking technology projects. Dale, as I later learned, was a very quiet, yet a highly respected senior engineer in our agency's technical development program. One day as I was probably lamenting my lack of support, someone mentioned that I might want to discuss my problems with Dale, who I found was sitting sitting so close to me he possibly could hear my every word.

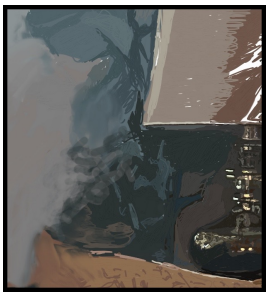
I introduced myself to Dale and soon discovered that we were actually trying to do the exact same thing for our agency. From the engineering point of view, Dale was working hard to convince his senior management that the government needed to buy or develop better technical solutions if it was to learn how to interact or share with others in our community. I was simply amazed that this great resource of a person was sitting next to me all the time and I had never met him.

An Old-Fashioned Computer

Over the next few days and weeks, Dale and I sat down together and exchanged our personal and career dreams and endeavors. My experience as a user, tester, and developer of new digital capabilities matched

almost a mirror image of Dale's experience with the development of digital solutions for users, to keep the nation safe and secure. We immediately recognized that we were both quite passionate about our work and were truly meant to be friends and coworkers.

I found that Dale was a deeply religious man, the same as me, and an active member of the Methodist Church in Hanover, PA. His wife played the organ for their congregation. Dale loved history and was an expert regarding the history of Gettysburg, the town and battle. He loved his family and tried his best to live a life worthy of their love and respect.



Corner Lamp

Dale and I worked together for quite some time without any official sanction from our management. We started to to plan and design on paper the next generation of digital solutions the government would need in the coming years. We started this effort at a time when our upper level of leadership did not want to be bothered with our future digital needs. The following story may explain the problem that we were facing.

At a time, long before I was even thinking of retirement, I suggested that the employees should have a technical way of showing others that they were physically in the office and actually working. The Internet was still relatively new and our employees, their management, and our partners had no virtual capability to indicate whether or not anyone was actually at their desk and actually logged into their computer. This technical solution, called "awareness," is something that is naturally built into every known digital platform today. No one today would ever believe that at one time users did not have this simple and essential capability.

But, when I raised this issue with our highly respected expert digital development leadership, I was told that what I was asking for would never be wanted by our leaders and users. To them it represented a breach of personal privacy. I was reminded of when I was a child thinking we would never have or want telephones attached to small TV screens like in the cartoon Dick Tracy. Even if such telephones could be produced, no one would use them because they may not be presentable when someone called. This idea is so foreign to today's youth, but back then such a thing was inconceivable.

I argued with our management for years (possibly 3 to 5 years) that we needed this essential capability, especially for times of crisis. The capability had been developed and used on the outside for several years. It was not a new concept. But, my agency did not want a capability that could "spy" on their people. This idea was something beyond my leadership's ability to comprehend.

When our upper management finally agreed that our network would begin to use this capability, the senior executive who made the announcement said out loud to his wide audience that this decision should finally make Wayne Lougee happy. He still did not understand the true necessity of having such a simple, but needed capability. I tell this story only to help others understand, how difficult it was to move a highly respected organization who claimed to be on the so called cutting edge of the technical development World. I found that it sometimes takes the government years to adapt solutions that are commonly used on the outside. This was the battle that Dale and I were fighting and, for the most part, we were not winning the battle.

PLA

In telling my story, I now want to return to the moment that I found I had no meaningful employment, I asked my management if I could take a year's assignment working in another part of our business, a chance to work side by side with my friend Dale. This was called a diversity assignment and was commonly used by managers to develop a broader sense of our agency's mission.

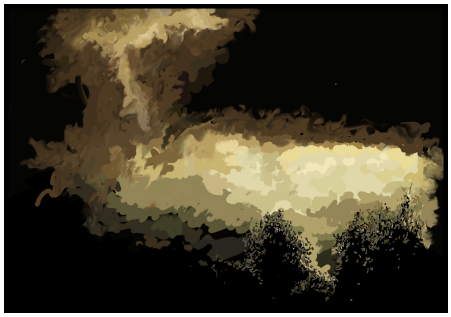
My request was quickly accepted by both sides and I left the organization that I had worked my entire career. In reality, I had held only one job in the 25 plus years that I had been an employee of the agency. I had risen in the ranks of my organization, but I had never totally established myself in a quite a foreign environment as our agency's technology development organization.

This total change of status was something I had not dealt with for years, but I had nothing to turn back towards. I could only press forward and so I did, I

cleaned out my entire desk and left nothing behind. I knew, at that point, I would never go back. I had been replaced and the new people had their own direction they wanted to go. They didn't want any advice from those who had held their current jobs for years developing an extremely successful and respected operation. I left them to do as they wanted and turned my attention over to digital development.

I didn't come to this new job with no experience. As related above, I had spent many years working, on the user side, with tool developers. I had developed a name for taking a tool, sometimes never tested before, and pushing that tool to the limit to see what it could really do, and of course, what it couldn't do. Many times, I found new things a tool could be used for other than just what it was designed to do.

I found early on that employees did not want to use new or untested tools in doing their jobs and, so, I needed to develop multiple systems of reward helping my people do what they wouldn't do under normal circumstances. I rewarded them for choosing to test new processes and to help others do the same. My people complained and they whined, but in the end they came through for me because we had developed a strong sense of trust. They knew I would are care of them if they in turn took care of me.



Storm

But, new processes and new tools meant time off for training and then the people usually found that they could work better with their old tools. They would tell me that they were more comfortable working with the tools and processes that had brought them success over the years. I understood, however, that the world was changing and in time old things, even if they were loved and even if they worked well, would soon be replaced with something new because of the rapid development of what I refer to as the "great digital revolution."

Typewriters were replaced by word processors. Word processors were replaced by stand alone computers. Stand alone computers were replaced by a private network. Private networks were replaced by wide area networks.

Last Dynasty

Then came the cloud and everything would start to change even more rapidly. We had no luxury to stand still, we needed to change with the outside world.

(As a side note, I have noticed that I have used the words “outside world” several times in my stories. This term is easily understood on the surface level and in most cases it is unnecessary to be explained. But, it has a deeper meaning to me and many others who have spent the greater part of their lifetimes hidden away in the classified world. Physically, emotionally, and legally there had been built a huge wall between “us” on the inside and “the world” on the outside. So, I plead, please understand that the outside world to me was really outside and in many cases unreachable.)

During the time that I was working with Dale, I drew many diagrams, mostly using PowerPoint of how data or information needed to flow from the point

of view of Creation, through all steps of processing, and finally to a place of secure storage. To me these dataflow charts, and the concepts behind the paths that the data needed to flow, were very simple, something that I felt anyone could visualize. However, I found that the tool developers had been, in fact, working in the dark, not understanding what data needed to flow and what direction it had to flow.

Over the Wall

I don't believe that I was smarter than the tool developers and systems engineers, it was just that I had worked with the data for many years. I had a great amount of experience collecting from other places or creating data. I understood what data was more important than other data. I know what kinds of data needed to be stored in the various places we had available to store. I also had experience in all the ways data could be processed. The people I was now working with had academic knowledge of how to handle data in a generic way, but they had almost no understanding of the data they were building tools to handle,

I brought the actual user experience into the development process. I not only knew how to use the tools to do what was needed, but I also knew how to break tools. That was my favorite thing to do because I knew that for every tool I could break, the developers could then deliver a much better tool. Also, while breaking tools I would discover new uses for a tool that was still in the development phase.

Another way that I was helpful, was that I had a large number of actual tool users who I could reach out to for advice. Many of my former employees were still very devoted to me because of the trust we had built during the time I was their manager. I would spend much time just sitting with these friends talking out how they were currently using tools to complete their tasks and what improvements they felt they needed with the tools they had that would help them complete their tasks with better results.

I had almost unlimited access to all the answers to the developers questions. The people I was now working with had never experienced this level of

understanding. They were truly grateful for all the knowledge I could bring to them. The tool developers started to see just what they were being asked to build. If nothing else, I brought light into to their dark world. Remember the drawing found at the beginning of this book. I have given it the title, "Where the darkness ends, the light begins." (Note: Also remember what said about the art I have provided in these pages. There are codes embedded in my art.) Light was what the developers needed, and I knew where the light switch was located. My task was to help the developers learn how to flip that switch themselves.

Where the Darkness Ends, the Light begins

And so, I spent a very enjoyable year working with my wonderful friend, Dale, and doing what I enjoy the most, drawing. I created dataflow charts that were beautiful pieces of art. I learned how to draw fairly complex pictures just using basic PowerPoint shapes. I could now draw pictures that represented dataflow, I could also draw pictures that represented any other idea, thought, or principle that the developers were working with.

Three Grls

That year gave me the much needed rest and healing I needed after the many years of trying to do more than I was physically capable. When that year came to an end, I was faced with deciding what I was going to do next. If I remained a civilian employee, I was required to return to the organization I still belonged to. But, that organization didn't have any need for me and I knew that I would just be returning to a job with no duties and no future. Retirement was a possibility, but I still had unfulfilled goals which I wanted to achieve.

I paid a visit to the new manager who had taken my old branch and changed it into an organization that carried more importance on an organizational chart, but the actual leadership roles were now filled with people who had no real job experience. My organization's management philosophy had changed.

They no longer wanted managers with work experience. They now wanted managers who only knew how to, or at least, wanted to know how to manage. But, in my mind, a manager what doesn't know what he or she is managing, that manager is not even able to just manage the people let alone the rest of the mission.

I had no stomach to simply write performance appraisals and promotion profiles. I loved to run the whole operation, finding the work, finding the people, and matching the right people to the right job. That type of manager may never again be seen in the government I had knew.

I found that the new person who replaced me, the one who was guiding the careers of the many employees I had grown to love, had never even known that I had managed her people. She didn't know me and didn't know if, or how, I could help her. Retirement, I felt was my only choice.

Engineers at work, Engineers in thought

But, retirement was not the end to my career. It just brought on the next phase of my complicated relationship with the agency that had originally hired me. I was to become a government contractor, and to continue working with Dale as a Senior Systems Engineer.

What is art?

My Daughter Talking With Dale

Chapter Twelve : Government Contractor

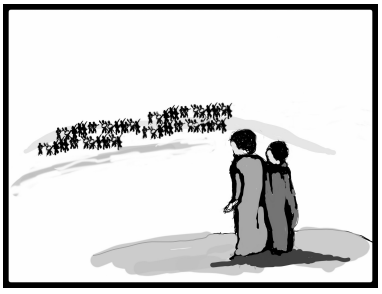
I retired, I really had no choice, but I was not ready to stop working on my projects. I still had a deep desire to continue to work with Dale on his projects, ones that would solve the world's problems. I wanted to help my former employees finally receive the tools and capabilities that they always needed to do their job. I still had big dreams and traditional retirement would get in my way of having a chance of even realizing a small fraction of my dreams.

My only way to continue working on my projects was to become a government contractor. The office I was working at when I was working with Dale employed several contract engineers. One of the contractor engineers introduced me to his company and that company hired me based on the recommendation of that engineer. I was hired without having to go through all of the regular hiring procedures, like answering a job ad or being interviewed by corporate or government executives. I just exchanged my

government badge for my contractors badge one day and came back to work the next day.

I was again working with Dale, but this time it was less of working "with" and more of working "for." Not being a government employee, I was no longer allowed to make government decisions, something I had grown very used to doing, especially because I rarely had to answer to a supervisor. Now, I could not do a thing without being instructed by a government person to do exactly what was to be done. This was a whole new experience for me and it wasn't an easy adjustment.

As a contractor, I was given the title of senior systems engineer and I also received the pay that such an engineer receives. As I probably said before, I finally became the engineer I wanted to become in my first year of college. I was living my college dreams, and having fun.



Help is on the way

Another big change in my life was that I actually became a half time engineer and halftime retiree. My wife and I sold our Maryland home and moved to Arizona. I worked 2 weeks in Maryland and retired 2 weeks in Arizona for several years. When I was in Maryland, I stayed at my son's house and when I came home, we had a very nice house in Arizona. I tried to do 4 weeks worth of work every time I worked 2 weeks in Maryland.

But, the biggest change was one that I was totally unprepared for and was naturally was not desired. Dale had been complaining of minor pains and changes in his taste. His doctor found that Dale had a tumor in his brain and was scheduled immediately for surgery. After the surgery, Dale had great hope that he would recover, but the cancer came back very quickly and Dale was gone.

I was devastated. Dale and I were not close to providing any solution for the many problems that we were working on. I feared that I couldn't finish anything without my close friend. We had done a lot together outside of work. Many members of my family were introduced to Dale. Dale had taken

many of us on tours of Gettysburg and he had became a member of my family.

Dale's family asked me to both speak at Dale's funeral and to represent the family. They knew that Dale and I was extremely close and that I would have no problem helping them during this difficult period.

After Dale's death my desire was to just finish the job we were working on. But, it just wasn't as important to me any more. I knew that I was not going to see success during my time any way because I never felt that I had enough higher leadership support.

From the time I questioned the one illegal program, it seemed to me that the funding for the projects that I was working on received less money until in the end there was no money left.

My World, My Colors

I never quit my contract job. The money had just dried up and I returned home to Arizona to wait for more money for me to continue. The money never came a so I never went back.

The strange thing about my leaving the agency that I supported for more than 30 years was that I was never read out of my specific clearances and I was never asked to return my badge. Both of these actions are rarely, if ever, forgotten, a thing which left me with the thought that someone wanted me to leave so much that they wanted me gone no matter what it took to see me leave.

Looking back on my last few years, I believe that funding for every project I worked on was cut, as if someone did not want to see success working on my projects for the agency to solve its problems. I came home very discouraged thinking that I had failed, especially I felt that I had failed Dale. I did not want to leave with all my ideas for reworking how work needed to be done in the new digital cloud environment.

My agency was working on early cloud architecture, but in my mind they were not working in the best direction and in the end would have to rework much of what they were doing. But, this was no longer my problem so I had to let these problems go. I was leaving and those who were staying did not want my help. There really was no place for me. I had retire. I had to quit.

I returned to Arizona and never again came back.

Bowl Less Than Half Empty, Bowl Not Used

Chapter Thirteen : Full Retirement: Ripening National Issues

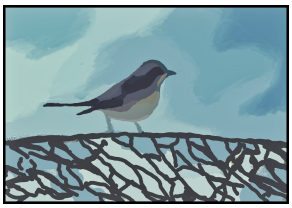
Trees

I now come to the final chapter of this story. My government experience had been unique. When I left, I was not replaced. No one will ever have a career with responsibilities as broad as I had. My branch was broken up into smaller pieces and spread out among many different organizations, ensuring that there will no longer be manager who can oversee all that I did. My other branch responsibilities were given to several individuals, in a way which one person could not participate in all the activities that I had.

No one seemed to want me, or anyone else, to do all I had been doing. Something had changed in the way government operated and many of those working in the system were not informed of the new direction or goals that had been selected. I was definitely part of the old ways and did not fit into the new way. I left at a point when my leaving did not leave a hole in the new structure. My leaving did not impact what was thought to be necessary to do business as was wanted. It was as if I was part of the unwanted leftovers thrown out after a holiday meal.

Besides retirement, I was also suffering from Parkinson's. I had limped along the best I could during the later years, but physically I was not keeping up with all the demands of my job. My leaving the work I had been doing and also leaving DC was seen by many as the best thing I could do. Very few people could see into my mind and understand the struggle I was engaged in by quitting. In many people's minds, retirement was just a reward for someone who had put in their time and could now relax, forgetting all that they had accomplished in order to arrive at the gates of retirement.

This is not how I felt. I may have left my job. I may have left the government. But, I never felt that I had relinquished my duty to fight against the evils in the world that I had spent the most part of my life fighting. For me, my work had never been just a job, it was like a mission to be fulfilled, no matter what circumstances may arise. I was still in the fight, but I did not know where my next battlefield may lay.



Bird

And so I settled into my aimless life of doctor visits, gym sessions, physical therapy and other non battlefield activities, still watching the distant fight. I was still developing answers and solutions for questions that would never be asked of me. In retirement, I settled into an isolated zone of having no connection to what was happening, but still feeling as if I should be helping. This position frustrated me. I believed that I still knew better than many of those left behind as to what was truly needed and how to best get the job done. But, all lines of communication had been severed.

I followed the news the best I could, understanding that the major news outlets were not reporting the news anymore. My experience had taught me to see through the deceptions and to piece together what was probably more true. This ability of mine is the reason I spent so much time earlier talking about codes and the breaking of codes. The world I retired into was not speaking to the people in clear uncoded language. Every communication seemed to be a message that was formulated to entice people to do what they might not want to do if they fully understood what they were being told.

As I sit in my Arizona home thinking of all I see going on, I know I still have work to do, but I don't know how I am to accomplish anything without better understanding of how I am to continue and which direction would be most efficient. During my first attempts to help, I made more mistakes than I did good. I started with my family, thinking that they would be a safe place to begin. But, I soon found out that those who had never been taught to see, really could not see, even when the evil they faced was sitting right in front of them.

My brothers are all well educated. They are all quite intelligent. They are all leaders in their own part of their world. But the things that I have experienced are things that they have never dealt with in their worlds. When I tried to speak to them, it was if I was quoting from a work of comic fiction. They either could not believe me or they would not believe me me because such things did not happen in their world.

When I continued to speak of the things I felt strongly of, I encountered anger in some and possibly fear in others. But, my intent in speaking to my brothers was never realized. I only drove them them into avoiding me and to dismiss much of what I communicated. My sense of isolation grew.
Then I began to see events unfold on the national stage that seemed to be the results of me not finishing the job I had been given years ago. I would often hear people say that I should not be blamed for the bad things in the country because I was only one of many who had been responsible for protecting the nation. I was also told that the events of today were far removed from the time I left government years ago. Nothing that happens today could have any relationship to anything I had been working on.

I know that people speaking this way to me is their way of trying to help me to pick up my life, move on, and to focus on other things. But, what these words truly mean to me is that my experience has been minimized and that others generally do not understand my true situation.

Family Room Lamp

The first argument that I had been only one of many who could have or should have acted to make sure bad things didn't happen, is incorrect on at least two levels. First, I do not believe that my responsibility to do good is reduced because many others also have the responsibility to do good. Good is good and all who have committed to do good should still do good even if no one else is willing to act.

The second argument is that in my case, I was the only one in government at my level who had the responsibility to make sure that good was done. I did have higher level masters, but many times these people were not as involved in, or cared about the details, as I was. Yes, they did have responsibility, but I had greater knowledge of the circumstances. I was the one at the battle's edge.

The next argument people give me is that too much time has past. Today has nothing to do with my yesterday. This argument is also incorrect. The

example I can use to illustrate this issue best is that the planning, developing, and deploying of modern day weapon systems take approximately 20 years from the beginning to the end. If we are now 10 year out from where someone was last involved with such a project and the weapon has just been deployed, then ten years of the development process would still have been completed before that person left the program.

That is where I found myself when I started seeing things being deployed that I had worked on years previously. In some ways my early knowledge may be more important than others current knowledge. If it is important to understand how we have arrived where we now find ourselves, then certain questions need to be asked. How can something be dismantled if no one knows how the foundation was set? Or, how can something be decoded if no one knows the cypher used to to code the message? Many of the questions that are not being asked today relate to what was known at the point in time these programs were being developed? Who was involved in the initial plans? Who was directing the work?

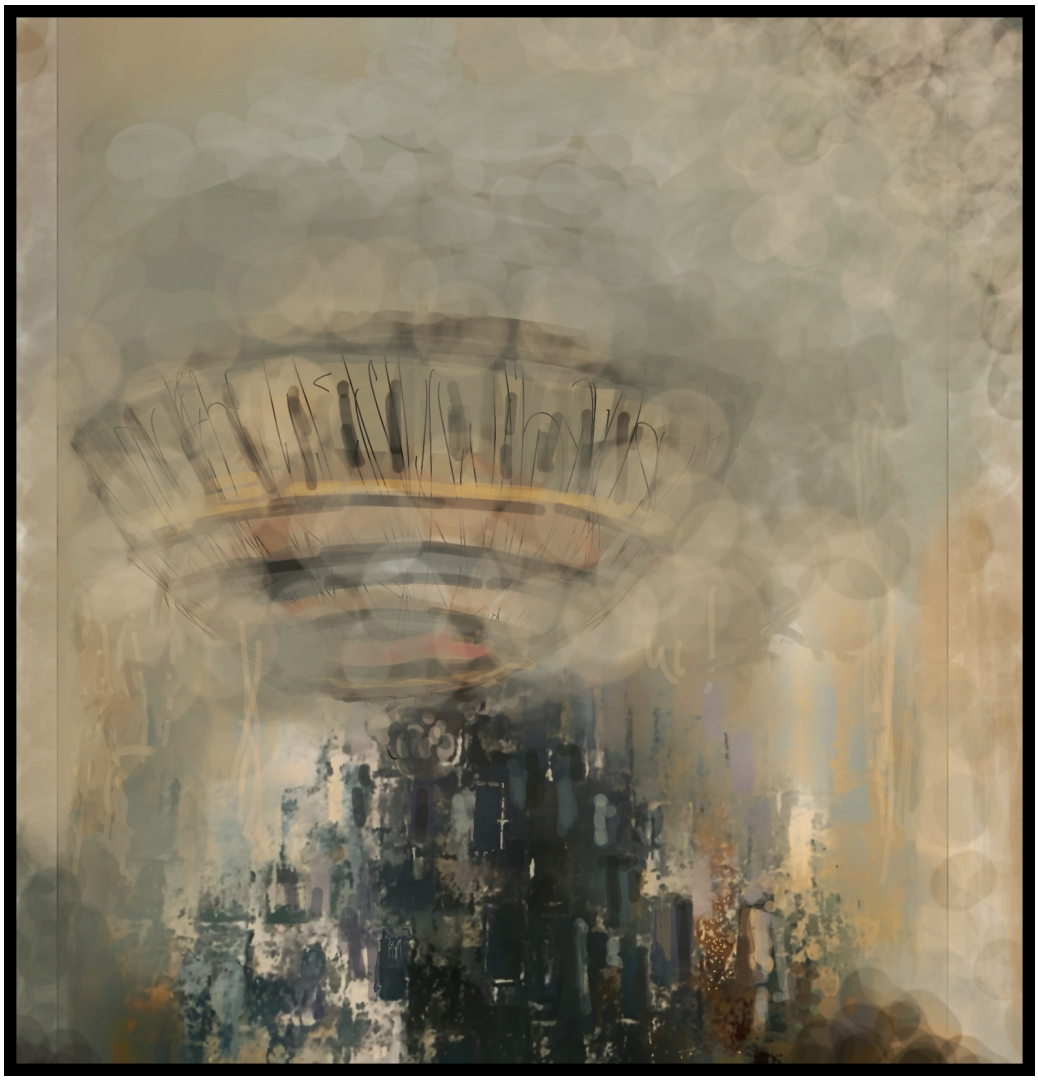
Many retired government employees have answers to some of the unexplained parts of the issues we face, but no one seems to care. The public that can see the problems are mainly interested in punishing the people that they can see working at the surface level, not caring about those who have worked unseen, below the surface, to do evil. Those who cannot yet see the problems have no need to disrupt the past. We are in danger of losing much of the information we will need to correct what has gone wrong.

London Bridge in Arizona

So, as I sit here today, contemplating what I do next, the thought that comes most clearly to my tired mind is that I need to document what I know. I do not know how, or even if, this knowledge of mine can be used. Yet, I understand that it can't be used at all if I do not tell what I know. So that is what I have done. I have no plan or desire to present this document to anyone in

particular or for any particular reason. I have written it for the benefit of finding peace and healing. If it is ever used for another good purpose, then I am glad that I have taken the time to write it.

The, Author



The Coming Danger

Chapter Fourteen : Summary, Kong Yi-Ji

Very few people these days have heard of Kong Yi-Ji, though 100 tears ago his name was known to all literate Chinese readers and to most foreign Chinese language and literature students. Kong Yi-Ji is a fictional character created by famed Chinese writer, Lu Xun, the father of modern Chinese literature. Kong is the tragic hero of Lu Xun's short story of the same name. I want to close this document with a short summary of this short story and a brief discussion of how I feel somewhat like Kong Yi-Ji.

Kong Yi-Ji

The story begins with a scene in a Chinese wine bar where a very uncleanly elderly man, dressed in tattered clothes, asks for a small glass of wine. Apparently, this man, Kong Yi-Ji, is well known by all and seems to be looked upon by all as a loose pig or rodent from the street who has wondered into the bar. Kong Yi-Ji is denied a drink both because of his lack of resources and the lack of respect for who he is.

Kong Yi-Ji comes from an older generation where scholars read and memorized the Chinese classics, such as the writings of Confucius and Mencius. This is a time when the old ways of doing things are no longer wanted. China was in the midst of revolution and change, and the all old things were being replaced by the new. Kong Yi-Ji believed in the old system and was rejected as a human and was publicly ridiculed for his beliefs.

I feel like Kong Yi-Ji. I only understand the old ways of dealing with people and treating other as they should be treated. If integrity belongs to the old world then I do not want the new one. I only desire to be respected. I would like others to believe I know what I say, but I cannot force another's mind.

I know what I saw. I know what I heard. I know how I have been treated. I cannot undo anything I have endured. Most people who I have tried to tell of

my life, from family, therapists, religious leaders, or just friends, have mostly not wanted to know what I know or what I have lived through. They tell me that I am just talking politics, or that I am exaggerating my stories, and that I need to just let these things go.

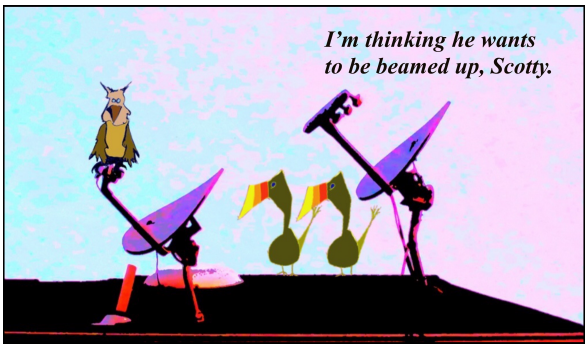
Writing these stories has been the only way I Have been able to deal with my past. I have produced this document because I have felt a need to heal. As I said in the beginning, I write these stories for the purpose of finding peace and healing. Time will tell if I have been successful.

The Future

Looking back at what I have written, I will tell you that I feel partly what Don McClean described as a generation lost in space or as Roger waters felt when he wrote the song I Wish You Were Here. But in my case, I might have written: I wish you were there.

What I have written, is a look at my life from a very particular point of view. Much of what I have done and much of what I have experienced may never be done or experienced by anyone else again. It truly has been like a dream. An enjoyable dream at times and a horrifying nightmare at other times.

I believe that if my story is not written down by me, my children and their children may never know of my complicated, twisted, and complexed world. They may not fully appreciate what I have lived through.



A Generation Lost In Space

I Wish You Were Here

You

So, so you think you can tell heaven from hell?
Blue skies from pain?
Can you tell a green field from a cold steel rail?
A smile from a veil?
Do you think you can tell?

Did they get you to trade your heroes for ghosts?
Hot ashes for trees?
Hot air for a cool breeze?
Cold comfort for change?
Did you exchange a walk on part of the wall
For a lead role in a cage?

How I wish, how I wish you were here
We're just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl
Year after year
Running over the same old ground, what have we found?
The same old fears, wish you were here

Wish You Were Here lyrics © Roger Waters Music Overseas Ltd, Pink Floyd Music Publishers Ltd

Three Girls

Like I said, maybe it would have been better to say, I Wish You Were There? I wish you were there with me on every one of my twists, turns, and connections. We might have had the best of times, the …..

The Bird Has Flown